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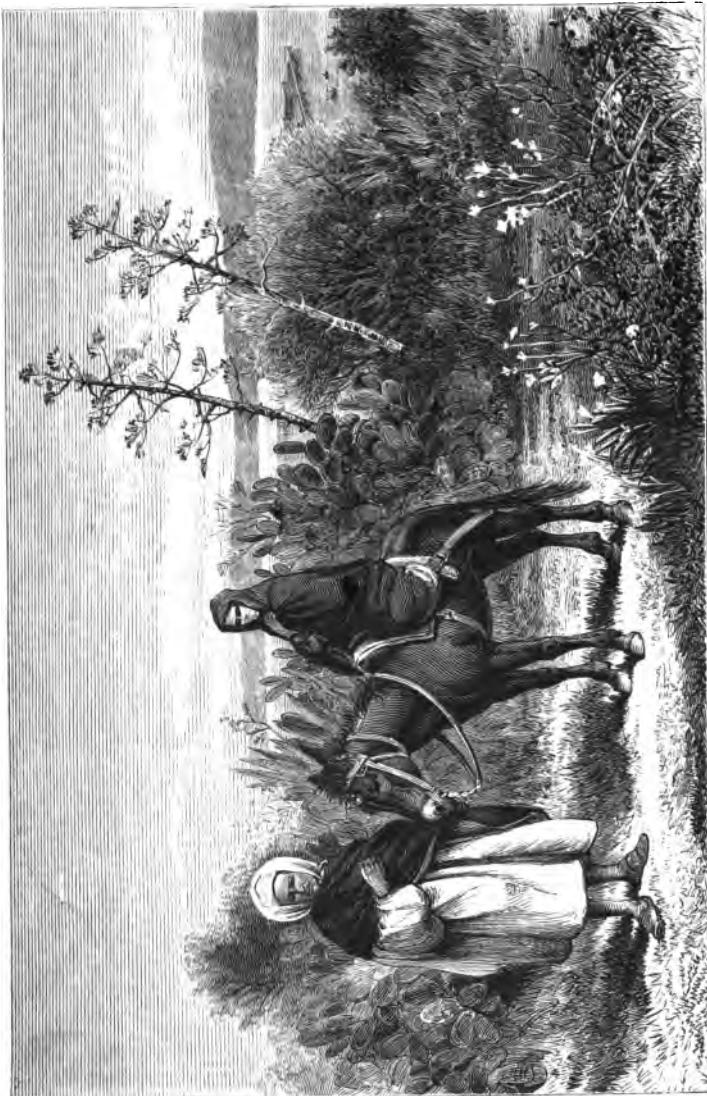


A RIDE
IN
PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS



Frontispiece.

PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS.



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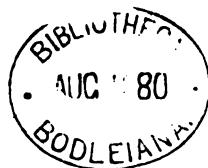
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SCHEMATIC MAP OF THE

MAP

A RIDE
IN
PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS

BY
CAPTAIN H. E. COLVILE
GRENADIER GUARDS



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PREFACE.

To say that the following pages *were* written with a view to publication, and were *not* published at the earnest request of my numerous friends, is such an outrage of all established rules for prefaces to books of travel that nothing but my love of truth could induce me to make such a statement. "Truth," however, "will prevail," and I alone am responsible for this addition to the already rather numerous collection of books on Marocco. My only excuse, if excuse it be, lies in the fact that the greater part of

the journey¹ described in this book lay through a tract which, to the best of my belief, has not hitherto been described, and which, as will be gathered from Appendix A, I believe to be of some importance to England.

I am painfully aware of the meagreness of my description; but, believing that any information, however scanty, about an unknown region is of some value, always provided that it is accurate, I have thought it better to write the little I know than not to write at all, and far better to write the little I have than to gain bulk at the expense of accuracy.

Having no great belief in the possibility

¹ Dr. Leared says that Fez is 161 miles from Tangier. According to my computation, Oudjda is 223 miles from Fez.

of combining amusement with instruction, I have as far as possible confined the body of the book to a general description of my journey and of such incidents as are constantly occurring in strange lands, and which, although they have generally a humorous side, are absolutely valueless to the seeker after information. On the other hand, I have attempted to compress into the appendices such facts as I believe to be of value, but which to the seeker after amusement would simply be a cause of irritation if placed in the body of the book.

With regard to the spelling of Moorish words and names. As the primary object of an English book of travel and an English map is to help Englishmen to find their way through the countries they describe, I have thought it better, at the risk

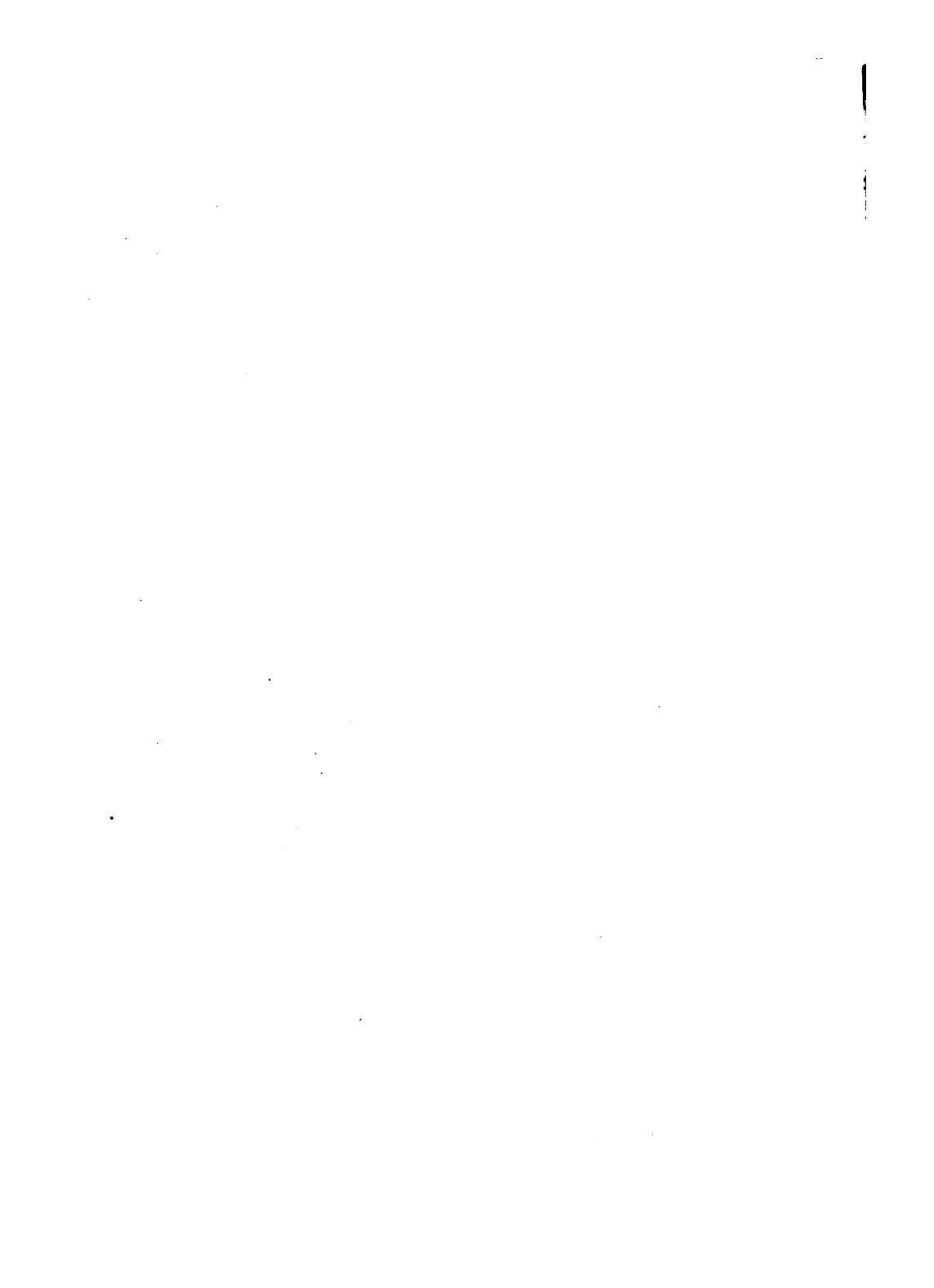
of giving some of the words a rather barbarous look, to spell them phonetically, according to the vulgar pronunciation of the country. The town of Thesa (as it is usually written), for instance, I have spelt Tsarsa. Any Englishman inquiring of an intelligent Moor about that place would get some information, but he might make inquiries from one end of Marocco to the other about Thesa (Theesa he would call it), and not a soul would know what he was talking about.

I cannot finish my preface without a word of thanks to my many Moorish friends, by whom I was received with such genuine kindness and hospitality.

Should these pages meet the eye of any subject of his Shereefian Majesty, I must beg him to take them in the spirit in which

they are written, and to bear in mind that if the infidel has dared every now and then to laugh at the Moslems of Marocco he is as ready to laugh at the Christians of his own country ; if he has occasionally found fault with the institutions of El Ghrarb, it is because he loves its people, and because he longs to see the day when a change of laws shall have made them capable of rivalling their grand old ancestors, the men who made Marocco at once the terror and the light of Europe.

ALDERSHOT, *May 24th, 1880.*



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A R I D E
IN
PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS.

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A jolly party—First news of Oudjda—"Il faut raser la tête"—Mogador and home—Conditions of Moorish travel—England and France—Preparations—Intelligence department—Mogrebbin—Cidy Mohammed el Gebbas—A wonderful performance—Outfit—A blow—Off at last.

ONE fine evening in the autumn of 1877 I found myself the centre of a very jolly party just outside the walls of Fez. I was on my way, as I then thought, to the Atlas, in search of the African ibex. I had wandered into Fez without any proper introduction, and had in consequence been received with some cold-

ness by the basha. These good people require the Nazarene to come with a great flourish of trumpets in order to make them treat him with civility. The basha in question had just politely hinted to me that he considered a house in the filthy Mellah¹ quite good enough for a nameless Christian dog like myself. I, not caring for the companionship of the sons of Israel, and not being allowed that of the faithful, had shaken the dust of Fez off my feet and pitched my tent outside its walls.

It so happened that the place I chose was one in which it was very likely for a traveller to get his throat cut. Now had this occurred, the basha would have been responsible for any loss of coin which might have accompanied the proceeding, and this so increased my importance in his eyes that six emrhaznea

¹ Mellah, the Jews' quarter.

² Plural of emrhazny, a government soldier (see p. 160).

were not thought too many to watch over my precious life. At first these worthies sat in a wide circle round my tent, armed to the teeth, and apparently the incarnation of vigilance. As the evening wore on, and the savoury k'skessoo¹ disappeared down the throats of my retainers, I fancied that the coughs of the guard (they all had coughs) grew nearer and nearer. When k'skessoo was followed by tea, there was no doubt that the circle had contracted considerably, and when tea was followed by keef,² voices from the darkness began to inquire how we were getting on. The natural answer was that they had better come and see. The teapot was re-filled, the sibsy³ passed round, and, as I remarked before, I found myself the centre of a very jolly party.

¹ The standard dish of Marocco (see p. 26).

² The stem of the Indian hemp, universally smoked by the lower classes.

³ Small pipe for smoking keef.

The conversation naturally turned on my plans. Where had I come from? Tanjar. Where was I going to? The mountains beyond Marakish. "Oollah!"^{*} What for? To shoot. "Yeer larteef!" (What a pity) said the kaid of the party. If the Sultan had only been at Fez, I might have gone two days' journey to the eastward and found more game than there was in all the country between Fez and Soos. "Yes," said Simon Baruel, my interpreter, an Algerian Jew, "then you might go on to Algeria." It was "un voyage que personne n'a jamais fait." I had heard too much of lions, tigers, rhinoceri, hippopotami, and such like strange beasts, abounding in Marocco to pay much attention to stories

* By God. This and similar expressions are not used by the Moors as they are by us; on the contrary, they are a sign of piety, and a man who fails to interlard his conversation with "Oollah!" "El hamdoo billah!" (Praise to God), "Eenshallah!" (Please God), "Saboorkoollah!" (Thank God), and such like, is considered little better than an atheist.

about game, but when I heard of an unexplored country within twelve days' journey of London, I pricked up my ears. The British traveller is so ubiquitous that I could hardly believe that any tract so near his home could have escaped him. However, it was worth inquiring into. "What route would one have to take," I asked the kaid, "to reach the country of the Frenchmen?" "By Tsarsa and Meknessa," he said, "and so to Oudjda." I remembered that Tsarsa was the farthest point reached by Rohlfs,^{*} who travelled as a Mohammedan, and I began to think that there might be some truth in their story after all. "Why could I not go now without permission?" I asked. Because no Christian had ever been there; because in that country there were "serak bizaff" (plenty of robbers); and because no one would dare to go with me. Once an Englishman had

* *Adventures in Morocco.*

bribed a Moor to take him to Agadeer. When they arrived there, after a three days march from Suira (Mogador), the Englishman was detained outside the town, while the guide was flogged by order of the basha, and they were both sent about their business.¹ If I wanted to get across without the Sultan's permission, whispered Baruel, "Il faut raser la tête." Now shaving the head, according to Baruel's idea, included performing all the other rites of Mohammedanism, besides renouncing Christianity and learning Arabic. I was hardly prepared to carry out such an extensive programme at a few days' notice, but "when found make a note of," says Captain Cuttle, and, having found this Cookless tract, I carefully registered it in the tablets of my mind for future use.

A few days afterwards I continued my journey, visiting Mekenes and the seaport towns,

¹ This is a distorted version of Mr. Paget's adventure.

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tribes through which he passes. The fanatical and semi-barbarous lands of Asia which have little connection with Europe can only be visited in the garb of Mohammedanism. In Marocco, though of course this last method is equally applicable, a surer and safer plan is to obtain a written permission from the Sultan. The Sultan is omnipotent and infallible, and at his word even fanaticism bows its head.

The more I thought of it the more the idea of the journey to Oudjda took my fancy. In the first place, there was the pleasure of exploring a region which had never been crossed by a Christian, for I had ascertained that my Fez information was correct on that point. Secondly, my journey through Marocco had opened my eyes considerably to the intentions of the French with regard to that country. I was convinced that any information concerning the valley of Mooloorea and

the surrounding districts, must be of the greatest value to England. As the natural protector of Marocco, it is in these districts that she will have to contest the advance of the French, an advance which is only being delayed by more pressing considerations in Europe. To make sure that such is the case, it is only necessary to stay a few weeks in Algeria, and keep one's ears open. As to the necessity of England preventing it, it is simply a question of whether it is desirable to keep Gibraltar or not. With Tangier in the hands of the enemy, Gibraltar would be untenable. This was the opinion of Nelson, and if it was true in his time, it is doubly so now.

Having made up my mind to make the journey, one of my first steps on reaching England was to begin learning the Moorish dialect of Arabic; to be ready, in case of need, to shave the head in a Baruelian sense. In the autumn of the following year I was

ready for a start, but unfortunately the cholera and famine then raging in the country made it useless to attempt the journey. Apart from the danger and inconvenience of travelling at such a time, the Moorish government were far too full of their own affairs to be able to trouble their heads about the whims and wants of a wandering Englishman.

In the meantime I had rather complicated matters by taking unto myself a wife. Even if I could have passed muster as a Moor, which was more than doubtful, there was no doubt that she would never have convinced the least intelligent Mooreess of her sisterhood. This being the case, I had to fall back on diplomacy, and to cast about for some means of coercing the Moorish government through our Foreign Office. As a soldier, my first thought was the intelligence department, and to it I accordingly applied. Although fully admitting the desirability of obtaining intel-

ligence about the country I proposed to visit, the officials seemed to think that the risk was too great. In other words, they would not be parties to my risking my life officially. If I chose to do so on my own account, and brought back any information of value, of course it would be very nice, but "our government is so afraid of getting its men into trouble."

The intelligence department having failed, I had again to think seriously of trying my luck as a mussulman. About this time I had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of Mr. Farache, a Hebrew gentleman of Moorish birth, residing in Houndsditch, and under his guidance worked at Mogrebbin with a will. My wife also picked up some scraps of Arabic second hand by hearing me repeat my lessons. I had also the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Cidy Mohammed el Gebbas, a Moorish officer, who, together with Cidy Zobeer and Cidy Drees, was studying at Chatham. The performance of

these gentlemen is a striking instance of what the Moorish mind is capable of when properly developed.

In the short space of two years they had not only learnt English, but had also studied drill, surveying, photography, chemistry, mineralogy, and had gone deep into mathematics, in the English language. They finally passed an examination in these subjects which would have been considered a difficult one by nine English officers out of ten. It may be imagined that the conversation of these gentlemen was most useful and instructive. The average Moor, although possessed of great latent intelligence, is so uneducated that it is almost impossible to extract information from him. With Cidy Mohammed el Gebbas, it was totally different. I was able to learn more about the geography of Marocco in a quarter of an hour's conversation with him than I could have gained by a day's laborious pumping of any other Moor I ever

met. Besides this, he gave me a letter of introduction to his father in Fez, which was afterwards of the greatest use to me.

With the exception of the Arabic lessons, I had but few preparations to make. I was already possessed of a pocket sextant, an artificial horizon, an aneroid, a compass, a revolver, a big knife, and a small medicine chest, which, together with guns, drawing materials, &c., is practically all that a traveller requires, besides his tents and the clothes on his back.

As I was going to travel with a lady, I indulged in a few luxuries, such as Brand's beef-tea, Kopf's concentrated pea-soup (both of them excellent preparations), a few pots of marmalade and anchovy paste to counteract the taste of bad butter; also an extra revolver and a pair of Deringers for my wife, a pocket filter, four enamelled iron plates and two cups of the same material and a small spirit lamp and saucepan.

Besides my own medicine chest, which contained castor-oil, laudanum, quinine, and Sir J. Oliffe's anticholera mixture, I took a plentiful supply of Seidlitz powders for the natives. The presents also were a large item. These consisted of one carriage clock, six silver hunting watches, one dozen penknives, and one dozen large bag purses with gilt mountings.

Tents, and such simple cooking apparatus as I required, I trusted to getting at Tangier.

Beds and mattresses I made up my mind to do without, as, however necessary they may be in other countries, I look upon them as useless incumbrances in Marocco.

I had just got everything ready for a start and fixed the day, when a note from my adjutant informed me that in six weeks' time I should be wanted at Windsor for duty. This was apparently the death-blow to my plans. A true Mohammedan in such an emergency would have said, "M'ktsoob Allah" (It is written by God);

and resigned himself to fate. As I happened to know that it was only written by the adjutant, and as I was still in a Christian country, I did not think this course necessary. Eventually, by the kindness of my colonel and a brother officer, I found myself free, but not until I had wasted five weeks of my leave. As it happened, this delay probably caused my journey to be successful, for, just as I was starting, chance put me in the way of getting the much desired letters from the Foreign Office. Without these letters my journey would probably have ended at Fez.

CHAPTER I.

Outward voyage—A case of mistaken identity—A distinguished baby—Gibraltar—*L'Africaine*—Queer purchases—A careful family—Tangier—A sudden change—Boatmen and their ways—Baruel's disappointment—Martin's weakness—A Moorish story-teller—Petticoats *versus* Trousers—Pursued by Guides—Interview with Sir John Boomgrais—His little peculiarity—Pidgin English.

ON the 20th of November 1879, A. and I sailed from Southampton in the P. & O. S.S. *Cathay*, bound for Gibraltar. We had a singularly calm and uneventful passage, our only excitement being caused by the light of Cape Spartel being mistaken for that of Trafalgar, and a consequent attempt to sail across the province of Tangier instead of through the Straits.

A RIDE IN PETTICOATS AND SLIPPERS. 17

Among other distinguished passengers was the baby Orang Outang whose portrait appeared in the *Graphic* some time ago. He was a charming young gentleman, but rather serious for his years or rather months. In appearance he reminded me strongly of W. S. Gilbert's "Precocious Baby," who became an "enfeebled old dotard at five." The poor little man felt the cold dreadfully, in spite of some baby's underclothing which a kind lady had given him.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 25th, we steamed into Gibraltar. I heard that the French steamer *L'Africaine* was to leave for Tangier at nine; so I settled to go by her. This barely gave me time to do a little shopping in the town, and gave no chance of showing A. the sights. Of course the steamer did not leave at nine, nor at eleven either for that matter. However, we whiled away the time very pleasantly by consuming

gestures related wonders of the "Arabian Nights" class.

There is no doubt that the long white robes of these people are wonderfully in keeping with the surroundings. An European offends the eye ; he is a hideous excrescence on the scene. If a modern painter were to introduce a portrait of "'Arry" in his billicock into one of Raphael's cartoons, it would produce a somewhat similar effect. For some time I could hardly shake off the idea that I was looking at a Biblical picture. There is something very grand and solemn about a population entirely clothed in white flowing garments. Possibly it is only from associating them with religious observances, but I fancy that it is from some intrinsic property of the robes themselves.

On the following morning I went to present my letters to His Excellency Sir John Drummond Hay. Outside the door of the

hotel I found the faithful and persevering Baruel and half a dozen other guides lying in wait for me. The idea of a strange, and of course rich, Englishman knowing his way about Tangier was monstrous, it was not to be thought of. They would accompany me. I was determined that, if they did so, it should be at my heels, and, entering the Legation at a sharp run, had the satisfaction of seeing the door slammed in the faces of my persecutors,

My letters to Sir John did not mention the object of my journey, but simply recommended me to his kind offices. Where did I want to go? To Oudjda. "Oudjda?" he repeated, doubtfully. Fez and the seaport towns were easy enough, but Oudjda was quite another pair of shoes. Only a few months ago a Jewish merchant had been robbed and stripped naked on that road, and had sent in a claim to the Moorish government. Needless to say, the Moorish government had

not paid ; but it was unfortunate that their attention had been so lately called to the dangers of the journey.

Although very doubtful whether I should get permission to cross, Sir John very kindly promised to do everything he could for me, and it was arranged that, at all events, I should push on to Fez as quickly as possible. He said he would give me a letter to Si Mohammed Ben Alarby Ben Moktsar, the Grand Wizeer, and write to Kaid Maclean, the English officer in the Sultan's service, asking him to see that I was comfortably lodged at Fez. Sir John also recommended a man who had been in his service as my cook and factotum, and placed at my disposal the interpreter of the Legation, who rejoiced in the nickname of Kooskoosoo.^x

On my return to the hotel I found Kooskoosoo awaiting me, attended by Boomgrais,

^x Kooskoos, k'sksoo, the great dish of Morocco, composed of stewed meat, sugar, and spices, with a kind of meal.

my future servant. This man, as I said before, had been in Sir John Hay's service, but his amorous propensities had made it impossible to retain him in a well-regulated household, and after repeated warnings and two floggings, by order of the basha, he had been discharged. His father had been Sir John's servant before him, and had been murdered in his service. Sir John gave him an excellent character, with the exception of the little peculiarity I have mentioned, and as I was not taking any maid-servants with me, this did not matter. On his discharge he had become an emrhazny, or government soldier,¹ and would thus be doubly useful as a servant and, in case of need, as an escort. He was dressed in what, I suppose, must be called the uniform of his regiment. With the exception of the shasheea, or tall red fool's cap, the dress is hardly different from that of a civilian. A

* See p. 160.

white linen shirt, or khrameegia, with full open sleeves and open at the front, covers the kaftan, a similar shirt, made of coloured cloth. These are held in at the waist by the emdarma, a broad leather belt embroidered with coloured silk. Suspended from either shoulder by coloured cords, which cross over the breast, are a curved dagger and a leather bag. Over everything is the blue soolham.¹ The legs are bare and the feet encased in yellow heelless slippers. The arm of these troops is the long, highly ornamented flintlock in use all over the country.

Sir John had told me that Boomgrais spoke Pidgin English, if this was the case, I can only say for intelligibility give me good honest Chinese. A more hopeless medley of English, Spanish, and Arabic, it was never my fate to listen to : English words distorted to suit Arabic forms of expression ; Arabic words

¹ The burnoose of Algeria, but made of dark blue cloth.

given English terminations ; Spanish ones cunningly made to sound as if they were English, and Arabic ones as if they were Spanish. This, combined with Oriental expressions and great rapidity of speech, at first gave a glorious uncertainty as to his meaning, though, after a time, I got to understand him well enough. Up to the last day of his sojourn with me he would never condescend to speak to me in his native tongue. This is a very curious peculiarity of these people, that, the evidence of their senses notwithstanding, nothing will induce them to believe that a Christian can ever learn Arabic. This was, perhaps, excusable enough with me, but even Sir John Hay, who speaks Arabic like his native tongue, occasionally comes across men who simply refuse to understand him. On the other hand, if a Moor speaks Spanish, as most of the Tangerenes do, he will talk it to one by the hour, although, as was my case, one is totally ignorant of the

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language. There are only two languages, they say, Arabic and the language of the Christians. Spanish is a language of the Christians ; therefore all Christians must understand Spanish. If they do not, to paraphrase Lord Chesterfield, they think us "silly people who do not even understand their own silly language." This, however, only applies to the neighbourhood of Tangier and the more visited parts of the empire. In the wilder parts, unlike the British tourist who was surprised to hear even small children speaking French at Boulogne, they could not understand why a grown-up woman like A. had never learnt to speak intelligibly.

CHAPTER II.

Aid el kebeer—Its effects—Casting an augury—Tebel and Rheeta—Recollections of the Ramadan—Moorish prisons—Moorish punishments—A persevering thief—An awkward mistake—Pleasant predictions—The Grand Shereef—Disillusioned—Story of the Shereef's nomination—Travelling “like one Bashadore”—The points of a mule—Too much money—A Moorish dwelling—A surprise—Lively companions—Armed to the teeth.

I HAD hoped to get off in two or three days at the latest, but the aid el kebeer, or the great feast, happened to be going on, and “all play and no work” was the order of the day. This festival appears to have its origin in the Jewish Passover, the chief rite consisting in the killing of a sheep by each family. As this was done in the street the town presented a most sanguinary

appearance, and one's first impression on entering, was that a wholesale massacre had taken place. I was told that one of the ceremonies in connection with this feast consisted in cutting the throat of a sheep at a prescribed distance from the mosque and then carrying it rapidly to the building. By observing the amount of "kick" left in it on arriving at its destination, an augury was cast as to the productiveness of the next year's harvest.

In the afternoon we did the sights of Tangier, not a very laborious task. No picture galleries or churches have to be hurried through in a Moorish town. The former do not exist, and the latter may not be entered by a Christian under penalty of death or turning Mohammedan. I believe it is not so very many years ago since Christians, even in Tangier, were forced to take off their shoes if they wished to pass down the street which runs in front of the mosque.

The cassbar, or citadel, however, is well

worth visiting, if it is only for the fine view of the town which is to be obtained from it. Here we sat for fully half an hour basking in the glorious sunshine, and drinking in the strange sights and sounds which surrounded us. Among the latter the most striking was that produced by the rheeta, which, together with the tebel, or drum, was getting plenty of work during the jollification of the feast. This instrument (I was nearly writing *of torture*) in form somewhat resembles a flageolet, but in voice is far more akin to our old familiar enemy, the bagpipe. Never shall I forget the miserable nights it caused me during my last stay in the country. It was during the fast of Ramadan, when all Mohammedans, good or bad, must abstain under pain of death from eating, drinking, smoking,¹ and other favourite amusements of

¹ In Marocco this is considered sinful at all times, but keef, or the stalk of the Indian hemp, is freely smoked by the lower classes. Snuff is largely taken by all.

the faithful, between sunrise and sunset. The one thing they may do is to sleep, and, taking full advantage of this, they turn day into night and night into day. I, on the contrary, was travelling hard all day and attempting to rest by night, generally at the *kassbar* of some provincial kaid. After having been stuffed with *k'skessoo* from sunset to a late hour of the evening, I would try and get a little sleep, and perhaps, in spite of chattering Moors and stinging insects, did manage to doze off after a time. Hardly had I closed my eyes than bang went the *tebel*, loudly brayed the *rheeta* under one's very nose ; nor did they cease till every one was thoroughly awake and hard at work again at *k'skessoo*. As this performance was repeated three times before sunrise, it may be imagined that I have no very pleasant remembrances of my Moorish nights.

Within the walls of the *kassbar* is the prison. It consists of a long, low room, poorly lighted

and ventilated, and having at one end a grated window. Through this the prisoners are allowed to communicate with and receive food, &c. from their friends. I was told that they are entirely dependent on contributions of this kind for their nourishment. On our looking through the grating, a crowd at once collected round it to beg from us. Some rather pretty basketwork is made by the prisoners, and sold for their benefit.

The prisons of Marocco are not very full, summary punishments being more in vogue than incarceration. Cutting off a hand or foot is the usual punishment for theft, the stump being instantly plunged into boiling pitch to stop the bleeding. Capital punishment is rarely resorted to judicially, though a large number of persons are annually put out of the way in a semi-official manner. Flogging is freely employed to correct minor offences.

A story is told of one incorrigible thief at

Tangier, who, having had both hands and both feet amputated for theft, was caught stealing with his teeth. These, of course, met the same fate as their fellows. I never heard the end of the story, or whether he discovered any other prehensile member with which to prey upon society.

In the evening we dined with Sir John Hay. On my way to dinner I for ever forfeited my reputation as a guide to Tangier by walking into the Portuguese Legation, instead of the British. As the Portuguese Minister did not expect company, and as I mistook him for one of Sir John's guests, who, like ourselves, had arrived early, the mistake was very ludicrous.

It was raining slightly when we went to dinner, and Sir John made the cheerful prediction that it would probably continue to do so for the next fortnight. He very kindly insisted on lending A. a camp bedstead, as he

said that the country would be ankle-deep in mud, and our tents often pitched in a swamp.

If it was fine the next day, he said, that the Grand Shereef of Wazan, Cidy Hadj Abd Salam, was going to have a boar hunt, and he would ask permission for me to join it. I was very pleased at this opportunity, not only of getting a hunt, but of seeing the Shereef. As the most direct descendant of the Prophet, he is, theoretically, if not actually, the greatest man in the Mohammedan world. His power appears to have diminished of late years, but at one time must have been very great. According to Rohlfs, who made a lengthened stay with him, he on one occasion quelled a rebellion by his mere presence in the Sultan's camp.

On the following morning I called on the Shereef of Wazan to inquire about the boar hunt. I found myself outside a large but rather dilapidated house of European build.

Seeing a negro seated in the porch, I inquired whether Cidy was at home. Without vouchsafing any answer, the slave disappeared into the house. In the course of a minute or two, another black man appeared. Luckily Boomgrais, who had accompanied me, whispered that it was the Shereef ("saint man Mooros," he called him), or I should inevitably have taken him for one of his own slaves. It is true that he was not quite so dark as the one who had just left me; but where were the gorgeous robes, the green turban, and the dazzling raiment which I had pictured to myself? Where the signs of his enormous wealth? He had not even the French revolver which Rohlfs described him as carrying, and, so far from having a green turban, he had nothing on his head at all.

His dress consisted of a European shirt, a round pea-jacket made of Turkish towelling, a pair of loose blue trousers reaching to the

ankle, white socks, and yellow slippers. Anything less like one's ideal of Mohammed's most direct descendant it was impossible to imagine. Asking me to follow him, he entered the house. The room in which we sat was furnished in European style with tables, chairs, sofas, &c. ; and on the walls, instead of the gorgeous arabesques and verses of the Koran which I had pictured in my mind's eye, I saw a series of English sporting prints, with such titles as "Gone away," "Tally ho!" "Breaking Covert," &c. &c. The sight of the Archbishop of Canterbury in full jockey costume could hardly have given me a greater shock.

It was raining, and the Shereef said that he should wait for fine weather before starting for his hunt, but promised, should it be fine in the morning, to let me know when he was going to start.

The story of the manner in which Cidy Hadj Abd Salam obtained his position is a

curious one, and reminds one strongly of that of Jacob and Esau.

The late Shereef had a favorite son. Now it so happened that this son was very fond of playing with a certain ornamental stick belonging to his father. The old man knew of this peculiarity, and being asked on his death-bed which of his sons he would nominate as his successor, replied, "The one that is found with my stick in his hand." There chanced to be in the room at the time a black slave woman who had had a son by the Shereef; she, hearing the dying man's words, ran off and gave the stick to her son, bidding him keep it. The stick was found in his possession, and he was proclaimed the most direct descendant of the Prophet.^z

The rest of the day was devoted to making

^z Rohlfs says that Cidy Hadj Abd Salam is the only son of the late Shereef, but I had my story on such good authority that I think he must be mistaken.

arrangements about tents, horses, &c., and buying necessaries, or rather luxuries, for the journey. I found that my good intentions about travelling light were of no avail. In virtue of my letters to Sir John Hay, I had suddenly developed into a great man. For a great man to travel light was a thing not to be thought of. I should be looked upon as an impostor. I was to travel "like one Bashadore,"¹ Boomgrais informed me, much to my consternation, for I well knew that fifteen miles a day was the average ministerial journey.

Had Boomgrais had his way, the shops of Tangier would have been emptied. He wanted to buy everything he saw; even an empty beer-barrel took his fancy. How he intended to carry it, or what he would have done with it, I never discovered, but I know that it was a sad disappointment when I sternly refused to invest.

The beasts, too, had to be inspected. With

¹ Ambassador, Minister.

the horses I felt at home, and I was not afraid to speak my mind about them, but when it came to the mules, I was quite at sea. They one and all seemed to me to be thoroughly bad all round, but their worst point was their shoulders, which appeared to be so constructed as to make stumbling a certainty. However, they were all pronounced to be "numero wahed" (A1) beasts, and mindful of the proverbial surefootedness of the mule,¹ and of the ridicule heaped on the gentleman who refused to buy a calf because it seemed to have broken knees, I held my peace. I had also to get my gold changed into silver, for gold coin is hardly understood in the interior.

Never until that day did I arrive at that very Christian frame of mind which makes

¹ A. has a theory that the mule avoids stumbling, not by his surefootedness, but by his tenderfootedness. She says that he has a great objection to stepping on a stone, and is always on the look-out to avoid doing so ; when he does, he comes down even more readily than a horse.

one hate filthy lucre. To any one who is desirous of being imbued with the same spirit, I can give no better advice than to fill their trousers' pockets with one hundred pounds' worth of silver dollars.

While we were going our rounds, Boomgrais gave me some account of his early life, and, according to his own story, must have been a sad rake in his day. Now, he kept "one woman and one boy,"^{*} and all that sort of thing was over.

A certain Hadj Kaddour having offered to supply me with all necessaries, I paid that gentleman a visit. As his was the only middle-class Moorish house I entered, I may as well describe what I saw of it. Knocking at a plain wooden door, in a blind wall, it was thrown open suddenly, and I caught a glimpse of something white scuttling away into the darkness of a narrow crooked passage. I

* A wife and child.

presume this was the Hadj's wife, as, on passing through the passage into a small open court covered with a trellis-work of reeds, we discovered the owner of the house quietly seated in the doorway of a little room which gave on to the court. It turned out that Hadj Kaddour was a professional interpreter; he greeted me in excellent English, and begged me to be seated while he got out his goods. The room in which I found myself was a small low one, about ten feet by twenty, one end of which was filled up by a large brass bedstead. A door opened into the courtyard, there were no windows, and round the walls were a row of painted pegs, from which hung an astonishing number of coloured cloth kaftans and waist-coats. Guns, swords, and looking-glasses completed the wall furniture. The floor was covered with a pretty Rabat carpet, and skirting the walls were narrow mattresses covered with white linen, with here and there an

embroidered leather cushion. Instead of going to look after his tents, &c., Hadj Kaddour suddenly dropped on all fours, and proceeded to crawl under the bed. He was evidently in search of something, but what, I did not dare to guess; at length he reappeared with the last thing I should have expected him to find there, namely, a brass tray with a tea service, a tea caddy, and a basin of sugar.

Tea over, we set to work to inspect his stores, but I found him no exception to the rule that all interpreters are thieves, and after a somewhat stormy interview we parted.

Although the reports I had heard of the cuisine at the Hôtel de France were fully justified, the house was not quite satisfactory in other respects. To begin with, it failed in the first duty of a house, to protect its inmates from the weather. In the dining-room a cunningly devised tin gutter wound about the ceiling, and intercepted the drops of rain, which

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would otherwise have fallen on the heads of the diners. In the other rooms, nature was left to herself, and all day and night long poured an unimpeded stream upon our beds and books. Nor were the guests quite the sort of people one would associate with from choice; they were a cosmopolitan crew, and mostly of the bagman order. By day they were well enough, but as evening wore on, grew more and more merry, till their spirits found vent in a free fight about midnight; for Tangier is an early place. One night they amused themselves by besieging our door; I was asleep, but A., who, from the moment she set foot on African soil, had developed most warlike habits, seated herself on my bed, holding in her hands the two revolvers, ready to wake me and bid me fire the moment the door gave way. Fortunately the landlord intervened, my night's rest was undisturbed, and no blood was shed.

CHAPTER III.

Good advice—Start for Fez—A recruit—Our party—Hadj Abd Salam's uniform—A clever horse—A newly-married man—Moorish roads—Ain Dhallia—Halt at Sigildar—Coffee—Home—Ornamental bedsteads—A good example—Arkabits el Hammera—Ladies' men.

As the rain continued to fall steadily, and there seemed no prospect of the Shereef's hunt coming off, I determined to start as soon as possible, contrary to the advice of all my friends, who made the most dreadful predictions about muddy roads, swollen rivers, by which we should have to wait a week, damp beds, damper clothes, and finally an attack of rheumatism which would last me a lifetime. However, we were deaf to all good advice,

and on December 1st we mounted our mules and rode away. We had intended to make a very early start, but that is more easily said than done. Make everything as ready as you will over night, there is always a delay in the morning. When one has once fairly got into the country, it is possible to get off in reasonable time, but then only by calling the men oneself, and by a sinful waste of lung power and bad language.

By half past ten we had got the beasts laden, and all the party together, with the exception of one muleteer. Seeing a ragged-looking ruffian in the street, Boomgrais asked him if he would join us, and on his replying in the affirmative, he was at once enlisted and marched off without any further preparation.

Our party consisted of Kaid Hadj Abd Salam bel Fillah, "Kaid el Hadj," as he was always addressed, a venerable-looking old gentleman, with charming manners, and a

strong desire to take things easily. He was mounted on a plump little white Barb, who, like its master, had a great objection to hurry. He was dressed presumably in the uniform of the emrhazneea, for the peak of his tall red cap just showed above his turban, but below was such a confused heap of soolham, jellabeer,¹ and haik,² that the general effect was simply that of a bundle of rags. From the lower part of this "amorphous botch" (to quote Carlyle) issued a pair of brightly embroidered yellow boots, and from the heel of one of these dangled a mahammez, or Moorish spur, a single spike of steel, beautifully chased with silver, and about five inches in length. Following the kaid rode A. and myself, mounted on two mules, and attired in the unpicturesque garments of civilisation. At our heels was the

¹ A woollen hooded shirt.

² A long white shawl or plaid, which envelopes the whole body, and is often the only garment of the poor Moors.

faithful Boomgrais perched on the top of the pack, which contained our two bags, our coats, and the Rabat carpet which was to furnish our tent by day and form the bed by night. He had doffed the robes of the emrhazneea, and attired himself in a costume more suitable to his humbler position of Jack of all trades. Of our three other pack animals, or kearder,¹ as the Moors call them, one was mounted by Abd Salam, a youth who was engaged to assist Boomgrais; the others being ridden by Marakshy, the second soldier, and Hammid el Dejineer, or Hammid the Devil, the man I had picked up so casually at starting. The rear was brought up by the two hámmarah, or muleteers, on foot, whose business it was, by a free use of the stick and loud cries of "Arrah, zeed, arranemek,"² to keep our pace up to a good four miles an hour.

¹ Plural of keder.

² Go, more, go to your mother.

While the beasts were being laden, I was much amused at the manœuvres of one of the pack-horses. His load consisted of one of the tents and the two poles, which are not jointed like ours, but made in one piece. Apparently aware of the formidable weapon which had been placed in his possession, he proceeded to turn on his own axis, and most effectually routed the crowd of spectators who had gathered together to see the start. This horse was mounted by Abd Salam, and when, on the journey, he received any encouragement from the whip, he would invariably rush forward, and skilfully plant a tent pole just below the small of Boomgrais's back.

Passing out of the main gate, we entered the great market of Tangier. Here a further delay was caused by Boomgrais, who espied his "woman and boy" in the distance, running to wish him good-bye. He seemed deeply affected at parting with them, and, taking the

little man, who was about two years old, into his arms, covered him with kisses. A. was so touched at his affection for this, the only offspring of his chaste love, that she presented the child with some sweetmeats, which had been brought as presents to the ladies of any harems she might visit. By this time a crowd of children had collected round us, and, putting down his boy, Boomgrais took up a little girl and treated her in an equally affectionate manner. A. was surprised, but could not do less for her than she had done for her brother. The little girl was followed by another, her place was in turn taken by a little boy, and I am sorry to say that Boomgrais, who had been described to me by Sir John Hay as a newly married man, was called "father" by a large majority of the children of Tangier. There is a limit to patience, as well as to sweetmeats, and both having become exhausted, I had to give a peremptory order to

move on, long before the leave-takings were over.

Our road for the first mile lay between high hedges of cactus and aloe, inclosing pretty gardens. It was here fairly wide, but wholly unmade. The rain had ceased, the sun was shining, and the ground consequently dry, but a shower would have made the track ankle-deep in mud.

Such a thing as a macadamised road does not exist in Marocco. The towns, and sometimes the roads for a short distance out of them, are paved with large round stones, which from their slipperiness are almost worse than the mud. In the country there is nothing but a track made by the traffic.

Leaving the gardens and cactus hedges, we entered a brown, bare, undulating country of rich alluvial clay, intersected in all directions by little brooks and torrents. The broad lane had come to an end, its place had been taken

by a network of narrow tracks, each some two feet wide, down which threaded long kafflats,¹ or caravans, laden with merchandise from the interior, and strings of donkeys bearing the country produce to Tangier. Here and there the tracks would run parallel for a short distance, then get inextricably mixed. Then three or four would branch off to the right or left, across a hill or down a valley, till gradually those we followed had dwindled down to one or two. The low hills were nearly all crowned by tschoora,² pretty little villages of white-walled houses, thatched with reeds or split aloes. These, surrounded by cactus hedges, and nestling among the hills, had a neat, home-like appearance, which one misses altogether in the towns. Perhaps the most picturesquely situated of these are Ain

¹ Plural of kaffla.

² Tschoora, plural of tschar, a village of houses, in contradistinction to "dooar," a village of tents.

Dhallia el kebeera and Ain Dhallia el sereera (the greater and lesser fountains of the vine), perched on the slope of a hill about twelve miles from Tangier, and commanding a very pretty view of the Benimsoar mountains, the district in which I was to have hunted with the Shreeef.

After a journey of about four hours through the same undulating country, we came to the banks of the Wed Marharah, now a stream of some importance. When I had crossed it two years before, its almost dry bed scarcely contained a pool in which we could water our horses.

Half an hour's ride along the bank of the river brought us opposite the little village of Sigildar. As we had made such a late start, and the next available halting-place was some hours distant, we halted here for the night.

The village was a very picturesque one, situated at the base of a dome-shaped hill,

strewn with masses of red rock, and thickly covered with low evergreen vegetation. It commanded a very pretty view down the valley of the Marharah, towards the Atlantic. Like all Moorish villages, it was surrounded by a formidable hedge, partly as a protection from marauders and partly to secure the cattle who are driven in at night. The inside of these inclosures I knew from experience to be anything but pleasant, and as this part of the country is quite safe, I ordered the tents to be pitched outside.

As soon as we had dismounted, rugs were spread for us on the ground, a charcoal fire lighted, the small "bokreej," or native coffee-pot, placed on it, and ten minutes after halting we were refreshing ourselves with an excellent cup of Moorish coffee. Our ride had not been long enough to make us thoroughly appreciate this beverage, but after a really hard day, when one is thirsty and rather too tired to enjoy

food, I know of no greater luxury than a cup of good strong coffee, or anything which sooner makes a man of one again. For this reason I told off Abd Salam to make this his special business the moment we halted, forbidding him so much as to look at a tent-peg till the fire was in full blaze and the water boiling.

Our tents pitched, we proceeded to make ourselves comfortable. It was with a feeling of great enjoyment that I took possession of what I might fairly call my own home. After the bustle and discomfort of the steamer and hotel, it was a great relief to find oneself at peace and under one's own roof, even if it was only a canvas one. It is true that our furniture, from a European point of view, might have appeared meagre, but from a Moorish standpoint it was, if anything, rather excessive. Sir John Hay's bed alone, stamped us as people of taste and position, for bed-

steads in Morocco are what Queen Anne furniture is in England—ugly perhaps, and quite useless, but still an indispensable ornament for the drawing-room of a man of taste. Besides this work of art, our furniture consisted of a Rabat carpet, two bags, and a folding-table on trestles. This last I had allowed Boomgrais to bring at his earnest request. As I had turned a deaf ear to all his arguments in favour of chairs or stools, but for its bare hideousness, this table might too have been regarded more as an article of ornament than of use.

Boomgrais had proved himself a most amusing companion and a hard worker, and I was delighted to find that he did not fall short in the culinary department. Among other things he gave us an omelette which, in spite of its having been carried through the open air to our tent, was not only light, but so hot that it burnt my mouth. Think of that and blush, ye English cooks!

Next morning we were up betimes, and soon found ourselves ascending the rugged face of the Arkabits el Hammera, or red hill, from the summit of which one obtains a fine view of the Atlantic. The road over this hill is extremely bad, and almost impassable to any beasts but the surefooted mules and mountain ponies of the country. We passed a caravan of camels on the summit; the poor beasts seemed sadly out of their element among the hard, sharp stones, which must give great pain to their soft, spongy feet.

This hill is identical with the Dar el clow, on which that most interesting of all heroes, Sir John Hay's "Alee the six-fingered,"^{*} carried off his old tutor. A more fitting spot for such an outrage it would be impossible to imagine. The pleasure I had always taken in the history of this personage gave an additional interest to this part of my journey,

* Hay's *Western Barbary*.

which was the field of his exploits. The village of E'mzora, to which we were bound, was the identical one from which the Taleb had departed on the morning of his capture, while on the morrow we hoped to reach the wood of Sahel, Alee's headquarters, and the residence and burialplace of the beautiful Rahmana.

Leaving the Arkabits el Hammera, we crossed the alluvial plain of the Wed M'sara Omar, and ascended again on to an elevated plateau, on the borders of which are the two villages of M'Rhodwooah and Ejdeed, near which we made our midday halt.

During the morning's ride, Hadj Abd Salam had given A. a pomegranate, which for civility's sake she had been compelled to eat. This had apparently been noticed by the others, for, as we were eating our lunch, Abd Salam (the boy) crept up and thrust one into her hand ; shortly afterwards his example was

followed by Marakshy, a most uncouth-looking savage, and the last person one would have suspected of being a ladies' man. For the remainder of the journey these attentions were continued in triplicate. It happened that she was not at all partial to this fruit, and her vain endeavours to get rid of her presents unobserved were a constant source of amusement to me.

Bearing in mind the very low estimation in which their own women are held by the Moors, I was astonished at the attention and civility with which they treated her. If the ground was wet or dirty on dismounting, one of them would instantly strip off his jellabeer or soolham for her to sit upon; any questions about halting, &c., were to be settled by her. "Is the signora tired or hungry? is she too hot or too cold?" was constantly on their lips. Hadj Abd Salam's bow, as he entered our tent, or wished her good morning, would

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have done credit to the most polished gentleman of the last century. Nor was this confined to our own men. Among all classes I noticed the same thing, a genuine and gentlemanlike politeness, which is rare in civilised Europe, and which I certainly did not expect to find in Mohammedan Africa.

CHAPTER IV.

El Oosted—A weather watch—The cut-throat's well—Wild boar—The wood of Sahel—Wed Koos—A useful harbour lost—Difficulties of transport—Moorish ferry—Conservatives—El Araish—Keef, not so black as it is painted—A n'zalla—Juggling, native and foreign—Cork forest—Heavy rain—Protean artists—The Haik—Lalla Maiooma—Weekly markets—An accomplished swindler—A shocking sight.

THE sun was nearly setting when we arrived at the village of E'mzora, situated on the eastern boundary of the plateau, and commanding a fine view of the mountains over Tetuan. Near the village is a curious monolith in the form of a rough obelisk, called by the Moors, El Oosted (the peg), and said by Sir John Hay to be the remnant of an old sun-

worshipper's temple. Near it are many prostrate remains of similar stones.

In the evening it came on to rain, and it was still coming down so hard on the following morning that I settled to wait till it cleared up, which, as the glass was rising steadily, I expected it would do by noon. Having explained this to Boomgrais, he reported to the rest of the party that I had two watches, one to tell the time, and another to tell the weather.

My predictions having been fulfilled, we started about noon. We soon left the regular track, and struck across a wild mountainous district towards the borders of the forest of Sahel, halting for the night at a village bearing the pleasing name of Ain Kattar, or the cut-throat's well. It stands on a considerable eminence, and is surrounded on all sides by a thick growth of olive, pear, and cactus.

I noticed that the country about here was

far more thickly wooded than in the neighbourhood of Tangier. The nature of the country is also different, abrupt rocky hills covered with dwarf oak and palmetto, taking the place of the undulating alluvial soil of the early part of the journey.

It was reported to me that a wild boar was seen nightly near the village, feeding on the roots of the aiarna, a plant with a heart-shaped leaf and a succulent root. As the moon was nearly full, I settled to go in search of the boar, if the clouds broke at all; but it remained dark as pitch all night, and I was obliged to leave without a shot.

A quarter of an hour's ride the following morning brought us into the wood of Sahel. Although lacking trees of any size, it was pretty enough even at this time of the year, and it must be lovely in the spring, when the flowers are in full bloom. The vegetation consisted chiefly of the evergreen oak and the

arbutus, with an undergrowth of myrtle, palmetto, bracken, and a fennel-like plant called by the Moors artsaiem el halloof, or boar's food.

Leaving the wood, and passing through a sandy, sterile district, we arrived about one o'clock on the banks of the Wed Koos, and soon found ourselves opposite El Araich.

The river here is of considerable width. Were the bar which blocks the mouth dredged away, this would form one of the best harbours in the kingdom, but, like the mouth of the Boo Reg Reg, at Rabat, it is now completely useless. The Rabat or Sallee harbour was once the headquarters of the famous Sallee rovers. That the mouth of the Wed Koos was once navigable for vessels of considerable size, is proved by the skeletons of some galleys which I saw, imbedded in the mud, a mile above the town. These are the only remnants of the navy which was once the terror of the world.

It is a thousand pities that these harbours should not be opened, lying, as they do, on the two extremities of the magnificent corn-growing lands of El Ghrarb ; lands which, if properly cultivated, might supply the world with bread. At present the difficulties of transport are too great to encourage the natives to any exertion in this direction. Every sack of corn must be carried over the Wed Koos, and then by bad mountainous roads to Tangier, or else take the long journey to Casa Bianca or Mazagan, crossing the S'boo and Boo Reg Reg rivers. The consequence is that thousands of acres of rich land are devoted to a thistle-like plant called bessirch, of which Dr. Leared says, " This weed must impoverish the ground sadly, and its only earthy use is, that the Moors make tooth-picks out of the little stalks which go to form the umbel."

The Moorish ferry is a very primitive contrivance. It consists of an ordinary flat-

bottomed boat with high bulwarks, and without any gangway or other means of getting passengers or horses on board with convenience. The mud banks shelved so gradually that the boat could not approach within ten or fifteen feet of the shore, so we had to wade out through the slimy mud and scramble into the boat as best we could. Even for bipeds, this was not a particularly easy job. When it came to getting the quadrupeds on board, the difficulties increased an hundred-fold. The unfortunate beasts were simply walked up to the boat, and then expected to jump over the high bulwarks at a stand, and that out of some eighteen inches of soft mud and water. A good English hunter would think twice about performing such a feat. The Moorish mule simply sticks out his fore legs and refuses to move; then follow five minutes of beating, kicking, splashing, shouting, and general commotion. This all

ends either in the mule having returned to the shore or else remaining in exactly the same place; never in his getting into the boat. Persuasion having failed, force has to be resorted to. The wretched beast is lifted on to his hind legs and walked along till his two fore legs are brought into the boat, then, being held fast by the head, by a man on board, he is belaboured from behind, till, making a frantic effort, he drags his hind quarters in after him, generally barking them badly in so doing, and often falling on his side. As this operation had to be repeated with each of my seven animals, it may be imagined that the embarkation took some time.

Considering that some twenty boat-loads of animals (some of them valuable horses) are taken across daily throughout the year, I think this mode of ferrying is worthy of notice as an instance of the amount of unnecessary

trouble some people will put up with in the cause of conservatism.¹

El Araich is a commonplace little town, containing a large proportion of Jewish and European inhabitants. It is, however, in

¹ Speaking of this very ferry, Captain Beauclerk, writing in 1827, says:—"Here I could not help remarking the dead halt which common-sense seems to have made among these self-conceited people. Here was an instance of a river over which there is a continual thoroughfare ; and all the traffic of the country being carried on by horse carriage, or that of camels, and it being inevitable that these animals should continually pass over the river with their burdens, one would have imagined that, in the course of time, some great mechanic would have risen up among the people, and at least taught them to construct a flat-bottomed ferry-boat, with a falling platform at the side, on which laden animals, and even cavalry horses, might pass into the boat without breaking their knees. But, alas ! no such Archimedes has appeared among them, and instead of such a simple invention, they make use of sharp-bottomed launches, with high gunwales ; so that in crossing a small stream of this kind travellers are detained an hour at least, it being necessary, first to unload the mules, and then to compel the unhappy creatures, by dint of furious beating, to leap into the boat. Leaping out again and reloading completes the delay."

possession of a fine old *kassbar*, probably of Portuguese origin, and rather a picturesque market-place lined with colonnades.

The day having been hot and the water in the wells muddy, I was tempted to stop at a native coffee-house, although this is considered a dreadfully undignified proceeding. These houses are the great resort of the keef-smokers, which vice, though occasionally practised in secret by the upper classes, is always publicly condemned by them. It is possibly on this account that coffee has come to be considered a low drink in Morocco. The only beverage of the upper classes is green tea.

I am inclined to think that the evil effects of keef-smoking have been greatly exaggerated. Dr. Leared says:—" His negro nurse lay beside him in a profound stupor from the effects of smoking kief, or Indian hemp. Some Moors who were with me shouted to the sleeper in a way that might wake the dead.

But Hadge em Bark was insensible to everything until his head was lifted up by one of his ears. Then for an instant there was a diabolical grin, and again his features were as still as death. When philanthropists have succeeded in suppressing alcohol and its effects, they should turn their attention to hemp, which ignominiously destroys life in more ways than one." From what I myself have seen of the effects of keef, I fancy that Hadge em Bark had probably got hold of the ambassador's brandy bottle. On my previous journey, when I was not obliged to go in for such severe respectability, I invariably smoked and inhaled two or three pipes of keef after my dinner, and never experienced any extraordinary symptoms. So far from my requiring an able-bodied Moor to pull my ears, I found to my cost that one little flea was more than sufficient to counteract any sleep-inducing qualities that the herb may have. My men, too, would puff at it for hours

in the evening, but to judge by the singing and talking which went on, sometimes till the small hours, they were far less sleepy than we Europeans.

I pitched my camp at a n'zalla, or guard-house, about a quarter of a mile outside the town. A number of these posts are maintained at government expense along all the more frequented roads of the kingdom. They usually consist of an inclosure for the protection of the traveller and his beasts, and a small hut for the accommodation of the guard. While staying at the n'zalla, the traveller is under the protection of the guard, who are responsible for his life and property, and, if required, are bound to accompany him to the next station. In return he pays a small fee. On the coast road between Rabat and Mazagan, the skeletons of some large kassbars have been utilised as n'zallas, but as a rule a hedge of mimosa bushes is considered sufficient protection.

Just outside the town a native juggler was performing. Knowing the clever tricks that are done by his brethren in the East, I stopped to watch the performance. I was sadly disappointed. The tricks were of the simplest character, and not very skilfully performed. Their strongest point in the eyes of the audience appeared to be their indecency. Encouraged by this very feeble performance, in the evening I regaled my retainers by swallowing half a dozen eggs in succession, passing a ring through a china basin, and other feats of legerdemain, the mysteries of which had been taught me, while an Eton boy, by a professor at Windsor fair. My men took them quite *au sérieux*, and I was at once put down as a magician of the first water.

The early part of the next day's ride lay through a well-timbered district, resembling in character an English park. This gradually merged into a forest of cork trees. Rarbar

el kebeera, the great forest, I am told, was the name.

About midday the rain came down in torrents, and, in spite of English waterproofs and Moorish slarhem,* we were soon wet through. By we, I mean A. and myself, for I should think that nothing short of actual immersion would ever soak through the extraordinary number of clothes which the Moors had crowded on to their bodies. I know that Hadj Abd Salam habitually wore a blue soolham, a white soolham, a brown jellabeer, a white jellabeer, and a haik. It is certain that under these were a linen khrameegia and a cloth kaftan. How much more, it is impossible to say, but I only know that nearly every day some new garment came to the surface. Yet he carried no luggage! The same applied to nearly all the others. Abd Salam, who did not even carry a bundle of

* Plural of soolham.

clothes in a pocket-handkerchief, suddenly appeared in a sailor's tarpaulin jacket, which had been invisible during the early part of the journey. I can only suppose that he had been wearing it next his skin. This does not apply to the poorer Moors, who are often clothed in a thin haik and nothing else. How on earth they keep it on has always been a mystery to me. I once tried it over my other clothes. It was lucky I did, or after a five minutes' walk I should have been in a state of nature. It is a common sight to see a Moor, perhaps in a crowded street in Fez, sitting stark naked with the exception of the haik thrown over his loins. When thus seen, he is generally engaged in picking the vermin off his body. This operation finished, he gives a skilful throw to the end of the haik, and walks off apparently as much clothed as the greatest basha in the land.

During the latter part of the day we met

crowds of people coming away from the Jooma, or Friday market, of Lalla Maioomah, a female saint who is held in great repute in this part of the country.

In every district there are seven places on which markets are held weekly. These are named after the day of the week on which they are used, as Had, Tsnein, Tlartsa, &c. Occasionally, as in the present instance, they happen to be near a village, or the kooba, or tomb, of a saint. More frequently they are far away from any habitation. Coming upon one of these, one would fancy oneself in the neighbourhood of a large village. The ground, sometimes for a square mile or more, is covered with tents, and crowds of men and beasts. The roads leading to it are thronged with pedestrians, horsemen, pack camels, donkeys, and horses. A nearer inspection would show that a busy trade is being carried on. Here is a shoemaker's tent, the owner

of which, seated crosslegged, is busily engaged in putting a patch on to a very dilapidated pair of slippers. Next to him a keef seller is hard at work, chopping the stalks of the Indian hemp into a coarse powder. There is a cook shop in which savoury morsels of liver called shweea¹ are being roasted on a wooden skewer over a charcoal fire. Vegetables, tea, coffee, sugar, barley, even crockery, are all being bought and sold. If this spot were visited on any day of the week but the one from which it takes its name, not a sign of all this bustle would be seen. Probably not a man, horse, or tent, would be in sight, and, strangely enough, not even a cabbage stalk or a bit of charcoal to give a hint of the weekly fair.

In spite of the pouring rain, the country folks we met seemed in excellent spirits, and, as they trudged along, or rode their donkeys, were

¹ The kebobs of the East.

laughing and chattering away, or beguiling the journey with one of their monotonous songs. My casual muleteer, Hammid, was a great acquisition in this respect. He had an excellent voice, and was a great performer on the gimbry,¹ and kept the whole party in good humour during the long rides.

When we arrived at the market, it was nearly deserted, but a few tents were still standing, so we made a short halt to buy provisions.

The muleteer of the baggage animals, who had to supply them with forage, took advantage of this halt to buy some barley. I was much amused at the manner in which he got the better of a simple rustic who had some to sell. Taking a measure full of corn, he counted one, then two, and so on. Then he took one heaped up so far above the rim that the dealer's wrath was immediately roused. An argument ensued, which was skilfully prolonged by the

¹ A sort of guitar with two strings.

muleteer until he thought that his opponent had forgotten the last number. He then appeared to give way, and, sweeping off the excess, gave himself a very short measure, at the same time repeating the last number called. The rustic, delighted at getting the better of the argument, took no thought of the numbers. This manœuvre was repeated until nearly a müd¹ had been gained. After this, I always looked up to him as a person who appreciated the true principle of swindling, which, all experts admit, consists in getting the better of one's adversary by working on his cupidity.

Roaming about the market while the men were shopping, my attention was attracted by an unusually pretty girl, in fact, the only real beauty I had seen in the country. She appeared to be about sixteen. She was not quite

¹ The measure by which corn is sold; half a müd is a feed for a beast.

so dark as is usually the case with the women,^{*} and had the loveliest little face imaginable, the beauty of which was not at all marred by a dainty little stem tattooed on her throat, ending in three little berries in the dimple on her chin. Her only garment was a tattered shirt, from under which peeped a shapely but rather thin pair of bare legs. While I was watching her, perhaps more attentively than was consistent with good manners, she stooped down, and, taking the lower edge of her only garment in her teeth, picked up some vegetables from the ground, then, putting them into the bag thus formed, she walked straight towards me.

* The women are far darker than the men.

CHAPTER V.

Habeehy—Berber and Arab dwellings—The travelling tent—Change in country—A welcome fire—Use of a sextant—Arbar Cidy Aisa—Habbassy—Moorish warfare—A good fight—Tit for tat—The kaid's harem—A. makes tea—Obstinate dust—An unpleasant drink—"You more ten khraleefā"—A great man—Arab character—A humane Englishman—Curious combination.

IT was past sunset when we arrived at our destination, the village of Habeehy.

The northern side of the Wed Koos being chiefly inhabited by Berber tribes, we had come across nothing but tschoora, or villages of houses. We were now among an Arab population, and the dooar, or village of tents, had entirely taken the place of stone huts. These

rheëm,¹ as the tents are called, are made of a coarse cloth, woven from the goats' or camels' hair, or the fibres of the palmetto.² In shape they are something like the roof of a marquee, but having a much slighter pitch. They have no permanent walls, a heap of mimosa bushes or a rough reed matting being propped against the roof in winter. In summer this is dispensed with on the shady side.

The kaiton, or travelling tent, is very similar in appearance to these rheëm. It is composed of the same coarse cloth, and slung over a long ridge pole. The roof is not shaped ; it consists of a long flat piece of cloth, not quite broad enough to reach the ground on both sides. In winter, the space thus left is equally divided, and the gap filled up with bales of merchandise, &c. In summer, the sunny side is pegged

¹ Plural of rhaimah, an Arab dwelling tent.

² This substance is now shipped to England in considerable quantities, from Algeria, for the manufacture of paper.

firmly down, and a considerable opening left on the shady one. The kaiton has then more the appearance of a "lean-to" than a tent.

Although composed of tents, the village was quite of a permanent character, being very different in this respect from those of the nomadic tribes through whose territory I passed on my journey to the east of Fez. This village was not only surrounded by gardens and cactus hedges, but was fortified by deep ditches surmounted by earthworks, which inclosed the various groups of houses.

One notices a great difference, not only in the houses and people, but in the character of the country, on crossing the Wed Koos. The land is far richer, and the vegetation undergoes a complete change. The dwarf oak, so common in the province of Tangier, is here nowhere to be seen. The palmetto, too, has almost disappeared, its place being taken by a species of narcissus. The bes-

sirch, the thistle-like plant I have already mentioned, is found in abundance. These plants grow to a height of about four feet, and, at a little distance, have the appearance of standing corn. However much I may have regretted their excess from a philanthropical point of view, I was very thankful to find an abundant supply near our camp on this occasion. We were still wet through, and, having no change of clothes, should have passed a very unpleasant night, had we not been able to make a bonfire of their stalks. With the aid of this, after half an hour's toasting, we were at all events warm, if not thoroughly dry.

It rained all night, and still continued on the following morning. We pushed on, however, but at a very slow pace, for the roads were so deep in mud that the mules could hardly get along. By eleven the clouds began to part, and when we made our midday halt, I was able

to take an observation for latitude. Such an operation had never been seen either by my own men or the natives, and much conjecture was afloat as to what the Christian was doing. Boomgrais cut the discussion short by assuring them that I was looking at the sun, to see whether there would be any more rain or not. As no one was in a position to contradict him, this explanation held good for the remainder of the journey.

Our halt took place at the Arbar Cidy Aisa, literally the Friday (market) of my Lord Jesus. This is not our Saviour, but some Moorish saint of the same name, whose kooba stands hard by. The Moors, however, have a great respect for Christ, regarding Him, after Mohammed, as the first of the Prophets.

An hour's ride over a level plain brought us to the kassbar of Habbassy, where we passed the night. Round the kassbar is a village of some size, surrounded by pretty gardens. It

forms a pleasing contrast to the dreary flat of the great plain of El Ghrarb. The governor was absent on a military expedition against some rebellious tribe. We were received by his brother, who held the post of khraleefa, or *locum tenens*, during his absence.

These little wars are of constant occurrence. They generally arise from the unwillingness of a tribe to pay taxes. If the matter becomes serious, the Sultan himself descends upon the province with an army of thirty thousand men at his back. However, it is not etiquette for him to attack a tribe. They must strike the first blow. So he and his thirty thousand men wait, and, like a flock of locusts, clear the land ; what they cannot eat, they burn and destroy. At length the natives, losing patience, are weak enough to attack the Shereefian^x forces. The

^x Descended from the Prophet. The present dynasty being Shreefa, the Sultan is always spoken of as his Shereefian Majesty.

natural result is a general massacre. Women and cattle are carried off, and a camel-load of heads is sent to each of the principal towns.

I myself, in 1877, saw half a dozen human heads rotting on the gates of Marakish, after one of these expeditions.

In the castle-like villages of the south, the inhabitants sometimes give great trouble to the Sultan's troops. I was given an account by an eye-witness of a scene which took place at a village at the foot of the Great Atlas, to the east of Marakish. "It was one of those villages," he said, "which look like one house." It was surrounded by a strong stone wall. A message was sent that, if the villagers would beg the Sultan's pardon, they should be spared." (My

* For purposes of defence the mountaineers of South Morocco inhabit castle-like buildings of strong stone, surrounding a courtyard. These sometimes contain as many as a hundred inhabitants. Each family occupies a separate room, and the courtyard is common property; in it, the cattle and horses are herded.

informant did not say what their offence had been.) "The only reply was a bullet whizzing into the camp. This was of course soon returned with interest. Our men seated themselves at about forty paces from the wall, and, whenever a villager's head appeared, took a shot at it. So, alternately loading their guns and their sebarsah¹ (for they always smoke all the time they are fighting), they sat and fired for six hours. During this time the firing was briskly returned by the enemy. Five kaims and thirty of our men had fallen. The enemy's powder now ran short, and the battle was kept up on their side with stones. The place was then stormed and taken. Twenty-four male survivors were found within the walls. The head man was at once brought before the kaid in command. 'Will you crave pardon of Ceedna?'² said the latter. 'Never,' replied

¹ Plural of sibsy, a keef pipe.

² Our Lord, the Sultan.

the villager. ‘Throw him down,’ shouted the kaid. The order was obeyed, and the man’s head hacked off with one of the soldier’s daggers. The other prisoners had all been witnesses of this scene, yet each in turn, as the question was put to them, ‘Will you crave Ceedna’s pardon?’ made the same reply as their leader, and each met the same fate. Their heads were distributed among the principal cities of the empire.”

On another occasion, it being necessary to punish a certain tribe, a message was sent to them that the Sultan had become possessed of some Korans of great beauty. Any one who liked to come into the emhallah,¹ it was said, might inspect them. The unsuspecting rustics flocked in in great numbers, and were immediately seized and decapitated. The following day an old man appeared, saying that he had some extraordinarily good cows

¹ The Sultan’s camp.

for sale at a ridiculously low figure. He knew that, if he brought them into the camp, he would be obliged to give a present here, and a present there, till he would have expended more than the value of the beasts. Delighted at the prospect of making a good bargain, a number of kaims followed him outside. They had not gone far when they were seized by a troop of men, who had lain concealed among the mimosa bushes, and made prisoners. "Now," said the old man, "I will serve you as you served my children yesterday," and forthwith cut off all their heads.

The khaleefa was an amiable old man of not very imposing presence. He placed a nice little house, in an orange garden, at my disposal, saying that henceforth it was my house, not his. He also kindly introduced A. to his brother's wives. She described the room in which the ladies lived as a small and very poor one, opening into a dirty court-

yard, which after the recent rain was still ankle-deep in mud. The walls were covered with some dozen cheap Swiss clocks, which of course did not go. There was also one of the brightly painted shelves common to the country, and a looking-glass with a dilapidated painted frame. The room was very long and narrow, and was filled up at each end by a four-post bed, one of old-fashioned carved oak, covered with silk pillows and bolsters, the other of brass. Along one side of the room was a long narrow divan, covered with white linen. On this, the chief lady sat ; the others, about eight in number, were seated near her on the floor.

Entering the room, A. commenced to unfasten her shoes, but was told to keep them on. Without rising, the chief lady held out her hand and shook A.'s, motioning to her to take the vacant place on the divan on her right hand. Then came endless questions as to whether she was married, how many children

she had, &c., only half of which she could understand. This was perhaps lucky. I have heard on very good authority that the conversation in Moorish harems is calculated to raise a blush on the most immodest cheek. When she said she was married, they expressed great surprise at her showing her hair. This led to a critical examination of it, and her having to take it down. Then her figure was criticised, and much merriment caused by a comparison between it and that of a very fat old negress.

The seneea¹ and all the apparatus for making tea were then brought, and placed before A., who was requested to brew. As she had never made tea in the Moorish fashion, she caused much amusement by her clumsiness. To begin with, she put it into the pot with a spoon (the only one in the room). She

¹ A worked brass tray on which tea is invariably served. A Moor of any position, even if he takes no other luggage, will carry a teapot, a seneea, and a few tumblers with him.

was corrected by her hostess, who poured a sufficient quantity out of the caddy into her hand. Then, having some idea that the Moors always served out their tea ready sweetened, she caused roars of laughter by putting a lump into each cup, instead of into the teapot, which is the correct thing. To crown all, she omitted to wash the dust off the leaves by pouring a cup full of water on to them, and pouring it away, before adding the sugar and narna,¹ and finally filling it up for consumption. The tea service consisted of about half a dozen china cups and two small glass tumblers. One of the latter was given to A. as the honoured guest. Luckily she accepted three cups or rather glassfuls, for this is the exact number

¹ Mint. This herb is largely used to flavour the tea; other plants are used, but this is the most popular. The enormous consumption of this unwholesome beverage may be judged by the fact that in the town of Marakish there is a whole street devoted to the sale of these herbs.

which etiquette prescribes that a guest should take.

A. described the ladies as being neither very young nor good-looking. They all had very good eyes with that peculiar languishing expression which the use of kohl gives. They were all very dark-complexioned, and most of them slightly tattooed on the chin, between the eyes, on the point of the nose, and on each cheek-bone; also on their fingers. Their hands were dyed with henna up to the wrist; their toe nails were ornamented in the same manner. The chief lady was not tattooed. They wore very little jewellery,^{*} their chief ornament being enormous silver earrings. One of the children had some very handsome silver bangles on her ankles. The chief lady was dressed in a flaming yellow robe, covered with a fine muslin haik. The others had

* This was probably owing to the poverty of their lord. The wives of rich men simply bury themselves in jewels.

simply long white robes, held in at the waist by broad embroidered girdles or hazzoom. The ladies' feet were of course bare, their slippers being left in a row at the door. They did not examine A.'s clothes as much as she expected; devoting all their attention to her person, of which they seemed desirous of making an exhaustive examination. Some negresses outside fingered the cloth of her habit a good deal, and seemed lost in admiration at it. Apropos of this, Boomgrais could never realise that the speckled appearance of "Melton mixture" was intentional. Throughout the journey, whenever he got a chance, he would set to work with a will to brush off what he considered a peculiarly obstinate dust.

At the end of the garden was a tank supplied by an irrigating wheel. Tempted by the bright clear water, I had just indulged in a hearty draught, when a particularly repulsive old negro waddled up, and, seating himself on

the brink, placed his feet under the stream which ran into the tank. He then proceeded to clean out his toes, and concluded by a thorough cleansing of his hands and face. His place was soon taken by another, and then another, till some dozen true believers had deposited their superfluous dirt in the tank. The cause was the hour of evening prayer, which was at hand, and which all those who attend must attend clean. I have the greatest respect for religious people, but I confess that I should have felt far happier had the good folks of Habbassy forgotten their prayers just for once. The operation of course took place every day, and probably several times a day ; but "What the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve," and had I not seen it myself, I should probably never have known that I had been imbibing the washings of negroes' feet. Not that one can afford to be particular about what one drinks in Marocco.

The water in an English roadside puddle is not more filthy than that in many of the wells, which, in addition to mud, slime, and weeds, invariably swarm with water beetles and tortoises.^x

In the evening after sending his mona, or gift of food, the khraleefa paid me a visit. I naturally invited him to sit next me on the carpet; this, however, he would not do, but squatted on the matting. On his departure I had a severe scolding from Boomgrais. He considered that I had lowered my dignity, and I suppose his, by my free and easy manners with an inferior, for such he considered the khraleefa. His only answer to all arguments was, "You more ten khraleefa."

As the quantity of the mona depends on the importance of the guest, my men lost no opportunity of making the most of me. The

^x Sir J. Hay says that tortoises are supposed to purify the water.

friendly terms on which I stood with the Sultana Engleez, and what I should say to their own Sultan if I were not properly treated were constant themes of conversation. Boom-grais in particular never tired of telling all comers that in my own country I was "Wahed rajel kebeer, kebeer" (a great, great man).

I had slept in this place two years back, and had carried away such unpleasant reminiscences of the insect world that I was rather shy of trying it again. However, thinking that the cold weather might have dulled the energies of my old enemies, I was weak enough to consent to sleeping in a room instead of having the tents pitched. I had not been in bed an hour before I bitterly repented my folly. Except at Fez, I never slept in a room again as long as I remained in the country.

On my previous visit a trifling incident

occurred, illustrative of the difference in character between the Moors and ourselves. We were all lying half asleep in the same room which I now occupied when a large toad crawled in at the door and placed himself against the cheek of my soldier, Mohammed Zinzamy. An Englishman of the same class would instantly have killed it. He, on the contrary, taking up a piece of stick, gently forced it to crawl out into the garden again. This is a great contrast to a horrible sight I saw a few weeks ago at Algiers; a mob of Frenchmen (not an Arab among them) convulsed with laughter over the agonies and screams of an unfortunate rat which had been covered with petroleum and then set on fire. I do not think that the Arab has any of that innate love of cruelty and destruction, for its own sake, which is common to European nations. It is true that he will torture men and animals most

cruelly for a purpose, but it is always for a purpose.¹

While upon this subject, I cannot resist telling a story I heard at Cairo. A certain Englishman, a prominent member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, happened to see a wretched donkey being driven down the Moosky with a heavy load. One of the wretched beast's legs was broken, and he was limping along

¹ Since writing the above, I happened to notice the following in the *Daily Telegraph* of Monday, Feb. 2, 1880:—"The *Gibraltar Guardian* publishes a letter announcing that serious disorders have occurred at Fez. The Moors attacked the Jews, wounded several, and, amidst shouts of joy, killed a man of seventy years of age, by pouring petroleum over his body and setting fire to it while he was still alive. Two Frenchmen were among the wounded."

This does not alter the truth of what I have said. Torturing a Jew is generally done very much for a purpose. It certainly was by our early Norman kings; but no living soul could expect to gain any substantial advantage by burning a rat alive.

evidently in great pain. The humane Englishman immediately bought him, and had him put out of his misery. The following morning, on looking out of his window at Shepheard's, he was surprised to see the street full of camels, horses, donkeys, and mules, all extremely dilapidated in appearance, and all, curiously enough, dead lame. On inquiring the cause of this phenomenon, he was told that the beasts had been brought for him to buy. The people of Cairo, his dragoman said, had heard that he wanted to buy broken-legged animals, and many of them had taken the trouble to break the beasts' legs on purpose to please him.

My experience of these people certainly does not go to prove the truth of the general idea that a cruel man is necessarily a ruffianly one. The countryman who rides by one's side gaily chattering or singing may be astride of a wretched donkey whose back is covered with

revolting sores. To make the poor brute go faster, its owner has probably sliced a piece of skin and flesh, the size of a dollar, off its withers. Into this sore he will keep perpetually digging an iron skewer, stirring up, as he does so, the cloud of flies who are having a meal off the raw flesh. When he arrives at his destination, he will sprinkle some salt on the wound to prevent its healing. In England we should say that this man must be a ruffian, yet he shows no sign of it. His countenance is pleasant and open, his conversation is of the most blameless character, according to his lights, for some subjects which are tabooed in England are thought harmless in Marocco. He is ready to share his scrap of bread or drop of water with any wayfarer who may want it. At home he is a good husband and an affectionate father.

The kaid, or basha, too, at whose house one may have stopped, and with whose courteous

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manners and lavish hospitality one has been so struck, may just have been watching a slave flogged to death, or may, at the very time he is talking to one, be starving a man to death in some upper chamber, or planning some new and horrible torture by which he may extract money from his subjects. Yet not a sign of all this appears; he is equally courteous to inferiors and superiors, and appears to be in every respect the *beau-ideal* of a pleasant, kind-hearted gentleman.

CHAPTER VI.

A queer trio—Crossing the S'boo—Primitive navigation—A use for prisoners—A wonderful invention—A village harem—Cidy Geddār—Agué or indigestion—The Owl's gate—Strange dwellings—A village on the move—Kaid Embark—France, Spain and England—An instrument of torture—Arrival at Fez—My house—Welcome.

ON the following morning we started again across the great plain, and after an hour's ride came to the banks of the river S'boo. We were accompanied by the khraleefa. He was mounted sideways on a pack-saddle, on a rather sorry mule. Behind him, astride, rode a particularly hideous negro slave-boy. The two formed a most ridiculous picture. The old man, muffled up in cloaks, from under which

his thin legs stuck straight out over the mule's shoulder, and behind him the bony figure of the negro, surmounted by a cocoanut-like head which incessantly wagged in every direction, as he kept up an animated conversation with his fellow travellers.

The river being too full to ford, we had to make use of the ferry-boat, or rather raft, for it consisted of nothing but bundles of reeds tied together, something in the form of a boat. The means of propulsion were a wooden spade and an oar made of the roughly split limb of a tree. The boat—or steamer, as Boomgrais called it—was not a rapid conveyance naturally, being capable, I should think, of doing about two miles an hour in still water. As the man with the oar insisted upon pulling steadily on, regardless of his comrade with the spade, the result was a gyratory motion with very little onward progress. As a strong current was running, the boat was carried more than half a

mile down stream at each crossing, and had to be pushed up again under the banks by men wading behind it, to be again carried down and pushed up again, before it reached its original starting-place.

The horses and mules were swum across, an operation to which some of them had the greatest objection, and a most amusing scene ensued. The villagers who act as ferrymen stripped off their clothes, and attempted to ride the beasts into the water. The result was an indescribable scene of rearing, kicking, and plunging amid showers of spray and deafening shouts. Several of the beasts succeeded in getting rid of their riders and tumbling them into the water. Four journeys had to be taken by the raft before all our baggage was across. The whole operation took five hours and a half. This was on the high-road from one of the principal sea-ports to the capital!

The present Sultan has never crossed this

river. He rarely attempts to cross any stream unless it is fordable. He then places cavalry four deep on both sides of the ford to make the passage safe for the remainder. On one occasion he came to a swollen river with a number of prisoners. A batch of them were sent in to perform this rather dangerous duty, and were washed away by the current. "God have mercy on their souls," said his Shereefian Majesty, and sent in another batch. They shared the fate of their predecessors, as did four more batches who were sent after them. When the supply of prisoners was exhausted, it was thought more prudent to wait until the waters subsided.

The khraleefa left us on the north bank, having insisted on paying the ferry. I expostulated in vain. He said that he could not possibly allow a person like myself, bearing a letter to the Wizeer, to be put to any expense while in his province. As the water of the

S'boo was very muddy, I took the opportunity of trying a pocket filter which I had brought out with me. The natives all crowded round to see the strange invention of the Christian, and I took pains to explain that the muddy water of their river would come out clear as crystal, on being passed through the machine. Having completed my preparations, I set the filter to work, and soon filled my tumbler with a liquid by the side of which pea-soup would have appeared poor and thin and ink transparent. I may mention that this excellent invention was bought at the Army and Navy Stores; as were also a pair of Deringers which always failed to throw out the cartridge, some cartridges of which about twenty per cent. were miss-fires, and a money belt off which the buttons burst after a week's wear.

Our route on leaving the ferry still lay across the same monotonous plain. The

horizon was now broken, however, by a range of hills lying to the south-east.

We halted for the night at a little dooar of the Oolad khraleefa. While our tents were being pitched, A., having wandered a little way from the rest of us, was beckoned to by some women who wanted her to come into their tent. As the Moors beckon in the reverse way to us by waving the palm of the hand towards the person they want to attract, she at first thought she was trespassing and beat a hasty retreat. On my explaining what the women meant, she entered the tent. It was extremely dirty, and possessed no mats or furniture of any kind, unless one can count a frame for weaving tent cloth as furniture. Like the ladies of Habbassy, these women insisted on her pulling down her hair. They were very anxious to carry their researches further. It was with the greatest difficulty that she prevented them stripping off all her

clothes. On parting, they presented her with a new-laid egg.

On the next day, having passed by Cidy Geddār, the point where the main tracks from Tangier and Rabat branch off to Fez and Mekenes,¹ we arrived at the kassbar of Kaid Abdul-Rhamman ben Sleea, on the banks of the river Ordōm. The kaid offered me a room, which I was going through the form of inspecting, when Boomgrais called out to me to run, and showed me five fleas, which had settled on his bare legs during the half-minute we had been in the room.

These lowlands between the rivers must be very unhealthy, to judge by the number of wretched-looking creatures one sees wandering about. Two funerals took place during the short time I was in the village. It was said there was a great deal of fever and ague

¹ There is no direct road either from Fez or Mekenes to Marakish, and a long detour has to be made, by way of Rabat.

about. When we left next morning, my men all declared that they had been attacked by it. I am inclined to think that they were only suffering from the effects of the kaid's mona, which had been unusually plentiful. To judge by the disgusting noises they made, I should say that they were all suffering from indigestion. Like the Tartars of whom Major Burnaby speaks, the Moors do not consider it at all ill-mannered to eructate; on the contrary, it is a compliment to the host, and a subject to be congratulated upon by comrades. Like the ancient Romans, a rich Moor will often eat three dinners in succession, taking an emetic between each.

We soon left the great plain, entering the mountainous district of Sherardra by a narrow gorge called the Bab el ukar,¹ so named from the number of owls which inhabit that neighbourhood.

¹ Owl's gate.

The aspect of the country had now completely changed. Nothing but a succession of brown round-topped hills was to be seen. This range of alluvial hills extends with but little change in appearance from the Wed Ordōm to the Wed Isly, near the Algerian frontier. Eastward of the latter river, they become covered with vegetation.

This part of the country being inhabited by Berber tribes, hut villages had again taken the place of the dooars. Some of the villages were of stone, others of conical huts made of straw, which at a distance looked like the rick-yards seen in some parts of England. These exaggerated bee-hives, hoowoor,^{*} as they are called, have no foundation, but are simply put down on any flat piece of ground. They are easily movable. In South Morocco they are far more common than in this part of the country. One of these villages on the move

* Plural of hoowarlah.

is a most extraordinary sight. Two or three men get inside each hut, and, holding on to the straw, lift it bodily off the ground. They then walk it off to its new resting place. The effect is that of an army of gigantic snails upon the march.

Crossing a rugged ridge of yellowish limestone, called Arkabits el Araby, running at right angles to the Zarōn range, we descended to the *kassbar* of Kaid Embark. This gentleman, having heard of my approach, sent a messenger to beg that I would pay him a visit. So leaving the baggage animals to go on, I turned off to the *kassbar*.

After winding through some narrow passages, we came to a long dark room, in which the kaid was sitting surrounded by his retainers. The kaid himself was seated on a kind of *daïs*, on which was a white mattress covered with bright cushions. Under the *daïs* was a carpet on which were sitting some half-

dozen Moors, whom I supposed to be his chief men. Beyond the carpet again was grass matting, which was considered good enough for the remainder of the retainers. Boomgrais and Hadj Abd Salam, after kissing the kaid's hand respectfully, squatted on the bare ground beyond the matting. I was placed on the daïs at the kaid's right, and A. to the right of me on the carpet.*

The kaid's object in sending for me had been to persuade me to stop at his kassbar for the night, and, failing that, to give me provisions for the journey. He said he should never have forgiven himself if he had allowed an Englishman to go by without, at all events, giving him mona. We had a long conversation on the relative merits of the various Christian nations. The French and Spaniards he seemed to hold in equal detestation. The

* This was the only Moor I met who treated A. according to Mussulman views of woman's place.

latter, he said, were worse than the people of Beni Hassan.¹ England he considered the true friend of El Ghrarb, for she would protect her from the Frenchmen and the Spaniards. He spoke with great feeling of the fund which had been raised in England for the relief of the sufferers by the famine in 1878.

As my baggage animals had gone on, the kaid kindly sent the mona after me to the n'zalla where I intended to halt. Besides sugar, tea, candles, k'skessoo, &c., he gave me a live sheep.

Our halting-place was the N'zalla Beni Ahmar, at the foot of Jebel Zarōn. Above us, on the side of the mountain, were the two beautifully situated little towns of Zarōn and Zarōn Cidy Aly ben Hamdoosh. The latter is inhabited by a fanatical sect called Hamdooshy, after their patron saint. I believe

¹ A neighbouring tribe who had been committing many outrages of late.

their rites are somewhat similar to those of the Aissouy, consisting in cutting their flesh, &c.

An eight hours' ride on the following day brought us to Fez. When about four miles from the town, we were met by a troop of horsemen, who, coming down upon us at full gallop, suddenly halted.

“Mah habbek!” (You are welcome) said the leader.

“Ellah kit sahairich!” (May God make you happy) I replied.

“Do you speak English?” said my interlocutor, who proved to be Kaid Maclean, Kaid el Kebeer and Instructor-General to his Shereefian Majesty’s Forces.

On my replying that I spoke that language better than any other, the conversation was carried on in my native tongue.

“We can’t let you ride into Fez like that,” said Kaid Maclean, pointing somewhat

contemptuously to my mule. So one of the escort had to dismount, and we changed steeds. The animal was certainly a change for the better, but I cannot say as much for the saddle; a more fiendish invention it is impossible to imagine. In shape it resembles the roof of a house with an exaggerated weathercock at each end. It is constructed of two Y-shaped pieces of wood, joined by boards, which form the sides. The Y's are inverted, the tails standing up. They are thoughtfully sharpened at the point, so as to inflict a deadly wound on the rider should his horse stumble.* On the ridge are some curious lumps, which come exactly where lumps are least welcome to any person of Christian build. In addition to these, the stirrup cords are so ridiculously short that an hour's ride makes one's legs quite unfit for walking for some time.

* Several instances have occurred of men being killed in this manner.

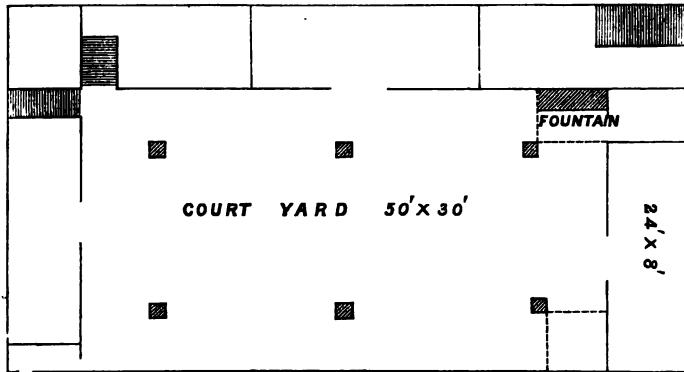
It is curious that, good riders as the Moors undoubtedly are, not one of them can gallop or canter for any length of time. Not only do their bare legs get cut by the large sharp-edged stirrups, but, owing to their riding so short, their seat is particularly tiring to the horse. Any one mounted on a good horse, but with a European saddle, can ride to a standstill both horses and men equipped in the Moorish fashion.

The mule saddle is extremely comfortable. It is well padded, and the peaks before and behind form a pleasant support on a long journey. For travelling at a foot-pace, as one is obliged to do if encumbered with baggage, I should always choose it, in preference to one of English build.

We found what I considered a magnificent house prepared for us. Kaid Maclean, however, did not think it good enough, and kindly suggested that I should take up my

quarters in a spare house which he had in his garden.

As the house in which I found myself is a fair specimen of a Moorish habitation, I give the ground plan of it shown below, and a somewhat detailed description. The most



important feature is the courtyard, which is entered from the street by a narrow passage. It is generally paved with pretty tiles, and partly roofed in; the upper rooms overhang it to the extent of about six feet, supported by

pillars. There is always a stream of running water in some part of the court ; often a pretty fountain. Out of the court, three or four long narrow rooms open by high Moorish archways. These are closed by large carved wooden gates, having a smaller or postern door in one of them. The floors of the rooms are tiled, and are frequently surrounded by a tiled dado ; the walls are whitewashed, the ceilings often beautifully ornamented with arabesques in gold and bright colours. The upper floors are reached by one or more narrow, dark staircases, usually much out of repair. They are nearly all at different levels, and are very puzzling to find one's way about. As will be seen by the plan, one of the rooms in my house could only be reached from the upper floor. The room which I occupied at the far end of the court was overlooked by a gallery to which, although I wandered all over the house, I could find no entrance. The room to

the right of the main staircase was some twelve feet above the level of the court, yet there was no doorway to indicate that any room was beneath it. On the second floor was a doorway opening on to the stahr or house-top. Here the women sit and talk, safe from male intrusion, for the stahr is tabooed to the lords of creation.

I confess that the lovely view of Fez to be obtained from our roof was too great a temptation to be resisted. At the risk of frightening away my neighbours' wives, or drawing down upon my head the anger of their lords, I spent a long time upon my roof enjoying the sunshine and the lovely view.

Kaid Maclean very kindly sent me an arm-chair, a washhand stand, and other luxuries which dwellers in tents have to dispense with, and we soon made ourselves thoroughly comfortable.

Soon after we arrived, a message came from

the Grand Wizeer to the effect that I was welcome, and that, if I wanted anything, I was at once to let him know. Soon afterwards another message was brought from the Sultan, also bidding me welcome. His Shreefian Majesty had already intimated to Kaid Maclean that he was willing to give me an audience, should I wish it.

CHAPTER VII.

A magnificent mona—The grand Wizeer—Goose step—Moorish officials—Hard work—Poor pay—Hints on etiquette—Sultan's letter—Change of quarters—A glorious view—Descriptions of Fez—Difference of opinion—Narrow streets—Effect on the inhabitants—Periodical “wash up”—Mulay Edrees—An injured ghost—The power of faith—The evil eye—A remarkable soldier.

NEXT morning a troop of men arrived, bringing mona from the Wizeer. It consisted of a sheep; a dozen fowls; five meadd¹ full of provisions; ten loaves of sugar; I do not know how many pounds of green tea; bushels

¹ Plural of mada; a flat wooden tray, something like a cheese vat. It is about a yard in diameter, and stands on two runners. When containing food, it is always covered by a conical lid of worked straw, called mküb.

of dates, eggs, and kaab el rhezaal,¹ little horn-shaped cakes stuffed with almonds and honey, so called from their resemblance to the fetlock of a gazelle.

At one o'clock I paid the Wizeer a visit, accompanied by Kaid Maclean. I found him to be a stout good-humoured-looking man of about thirty-five. He was seated, European fashion, on a sofa, and gave us each chairs. The room in which he received us opened on to a large orange garden, and commanded a lovely view of the city. It was very richly decorated and adorned with several clocks, and the inevitable four-poster.

After the usual compliments, the Wizeer began to question me about my position at home. I told him I was a kaid in her Majesty's body-guard. He then asked, "Can you drill?" I replied that I could. "Drill him," he said, turning sharply to Kaid Maclean; who forthwith put me through

¹ Literally gazelles' ankles.

enormous sums of money. It is rumoured that, besides a large safe full of jewels, he has a metamor or underground vault¹ full of gold pieces. That he must be rich is proved by the magnificent house which he has just built. I happened to make some inquiries about the price of the ornamental ceilings common to the country. From the information I gained I should say that the ceilings of the Wizeer's house must alone have cost over four thousand pounds.² All this wealth has been saved during a short term of office, out of a salary of less than eighteenpence a day! The most highly paid official in the kingdom is the Minister at Tangier, yet he receives little over five hundred a year. If it is borne in mind

¹ See p. 275.

² This work is all done at Tetuan. A space the size of the ceiling is marked out and covered with boards, which are then painted and gilded in the required pattern. The boards are then separated and carried on camels to their destination.

what heavy drains there are on the purse of a Moorish official, it can hardly be wondered at that, with these ridiculously low salaries; there should be some peculation in high places.

As soon as I returned home, I wrote the Wizeer an official letter, in which, after thanking the Sultan and the Wizeer for all the kindness I had received, I asked permission to travel through his Shereefian Majesty's dominions to the Algerian frontier; giving my reasons for wishing to do so. I asked that beasts and an escort might be provided for me, for which I was willing to pay. I also asked leave to see his Shereefian Majesty's troops at drill, and said that my wife would be glad to pay her respects to the wives of the Wizeer. This last request had to be expurgated from the translation which was shown to the Sultan, as, although he has a new lady every Friday,^{*} it is considered

* The Mohammedan sabbath.

highly improper to mention a woman to him.

It is a pity that those charming people who write books on etiquette do not turn their great minds to the manners and customs of Moorish society. They would find an inexhaustible field for their labours. As I believe nothing has yet been done in this direction, I will mention a few of the things which are considered contrary to good manners. As I have already said, to stand upon the house top is not at all proper. To inquire after a Moor's wife is also very wrong. To give anything with the left hand, to mention the number five, or hold up five fingers,¹ are insults. To whistle, sing, laugh, dance, walk quickly, are signs of bad breeding. To be seen shopping in the town, or walking or riding with a woman is also

¹ Holding up the fingers of the right hand in front of one's face will prevent any Moor from cursing one, or stop short his curse.

very incorrect. In speaking of the future, it is always necessary to say "Eenshallah!" (Please God). In praising a man's living property, such as his horse, one must say "Saboorkoollah!" (God bless it). If a Moor omits to repeat this formula in praising one's property, one must either repeat it oneself or make him do so, or he may be cursing it in his heart.

As an answer to my application, I received the circular letter, with the Sultan's seal affixed, of which the facsimile and translation are given on the two following pages, also a verbal message that his Shereefian Majesty would provide me with soldiers and beasts free of expense, and give me letters of mona^{*} to the kaims through whose districts I should pass. I was further told that I was free to go where I wished either in or out of the town.

* A letter from the Sultan compelling the inhabitants of a district to provide mona, *i.e.* food for himself, his retainers and beasts.

وَيَطْهَرُ الْمَاءُ مِنِ الْجُنُونِ وَالْأَذَى وَالْأَسْرَى وَالْأَشْرَقِ

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[TRANSLATION.]

PRAISE TO THE ONE GOD !

We command obedience from all who read this, of our servants and governors. It is our command, inspired by God, that the utmost courtesy be shown to the bearer of this, Captain Colvile, the Englishman ; that he be received honourably and without delay, and that, as long as he shall remain in the district of any of our servants, he be hospitably maintained by them, and guarded by night and by day ; that he be treated with all respect and given what men he may require to help him ; that he be given space to pitch his tents ; that he be accompanied by an escort who shall not leave him until he shall have been received by the chief of the neighbouring tribe, through whose district he may desire passage ; that he be led through inhabited districts and not through desert places ; that his orders be obeyed by all as long as he remains in our country, and until he shall have arrived safely and in peace in that other country which he desires to visit. PEACE. Written on the second day of Moharram, the sacred month beginning the year 1297.

Moorish houses are so built as to exclude every ray of sunlight, and I found mine rather cold and gloomy at this time of year. As Kaid Maclean repeated his kind offer, I took up my quarters in his beautiful orange garden.

The house which I occupied consisted of two rooms on the ground floor, a kitchen, and a large room, opening on to a tiled platform in the garden, in the centre of which played a pretty fountain. In the centre of the ceiling was a highly ornamented dome; the walls were also decorated with verses of the Koran in painted relief. With the exception of the regulation divan along the wall, the furniture was European. This house had been occupied by a brother of the present Sultan, the large one, now used by Kaid Maclean, being devoted to his harem.

A magnificent view of Fez was to be obtained from the roof of this house, and I thus

got a very good idea of the shape of the town and the "lay" of the surrounding land. Speaking of this, Rohlfs says :—"The descriptions of the situation of Fez are very confusing ; thus Leo says, 'The town consists almost entirely of hills and hillocks, only the middle part is level, and hills are on every side.' Ali Bey says, 'The town of Fez is situated on the sides of different hills which surround it on all sides except the north.' The fact is that Fez, considered as a whole, for the town consists of two completely separate parts, is surrounded by mountains on all sides except the south." I again beg to differ from this, and say that Fez is surrounded by hills on all sides except the west. The fact is that Rohlfs has confused the west with the south, and the other points of the compass get a corresponding turn. Thus he says "that the town may be viewed as if placed on an axis lying north and south"; the fact being

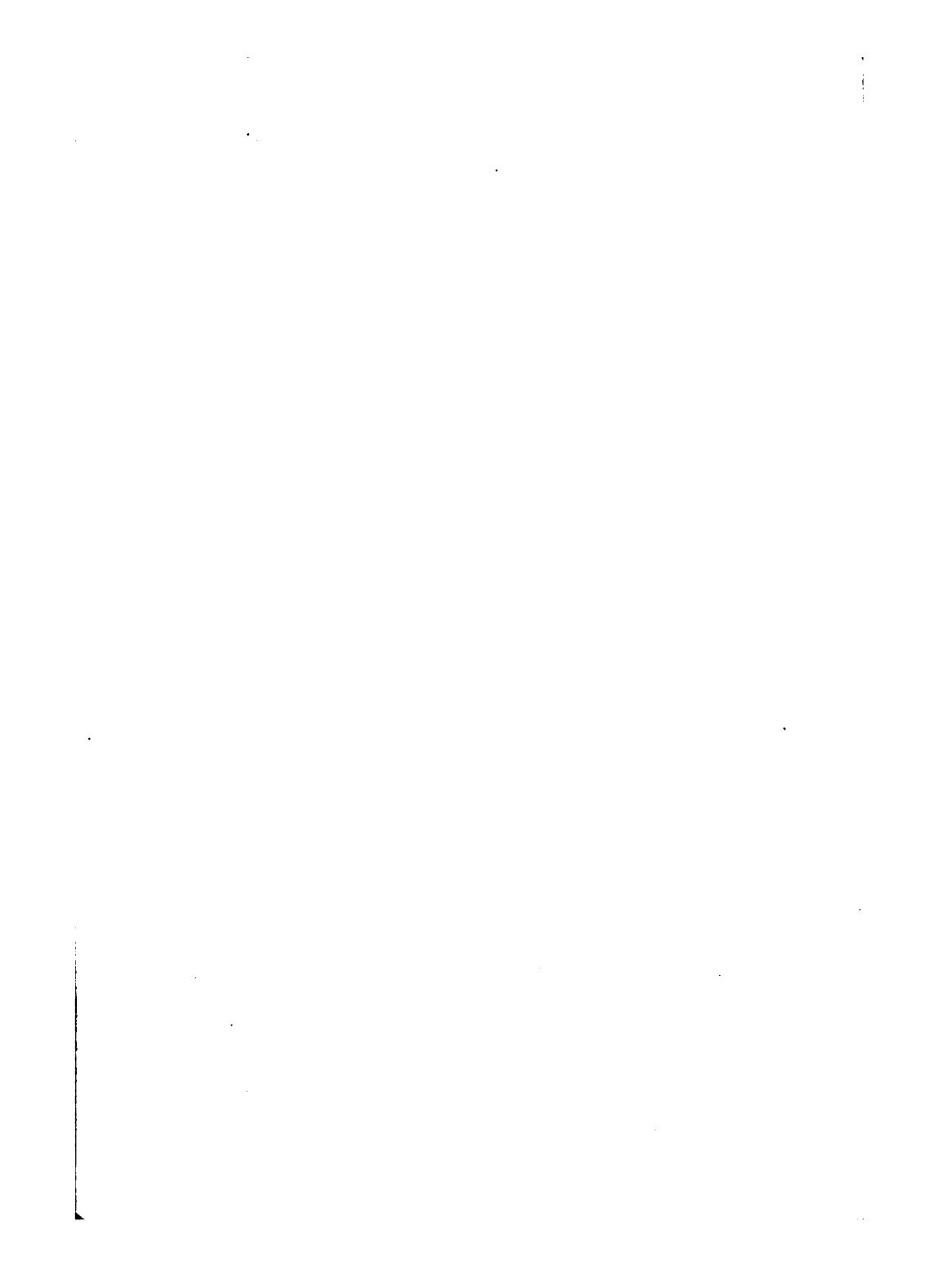
that it lies east and west. If this error is borne in mind and allowed for, south being read west, and north, east, his description is a fairly accurate one.

Fez consists of two distinct towns, Fez Barly, or Old Fez, and Fez Ejdeed, or New Fez. The former contains all the mercantile portion of the town, as well as most of the private dwelling-houses. Part of it lies on the sides of a steep ravine through which rushes the little Wed Fez;¹ by far the larger portion is on the north side of the river. New Fez is situated on the eastern extremity of the broad level valley which stretches in a westerly direction towards Mekenes. It is bounded on the north, as is Old Fez, by a steep range of hills, and on the south by the deep ravine of a little river which joins the Wed Fez in the old

¹ Here called the Wed bil Imdoon, or River between the towns.



To face page 136.



town, to flow into the S'boo about three miles to the east.*

New Fez is all government property, and, with the exception of the Mellah, or Jews' quarter, is entirely occupied by the gardens and palaces of the Sultan and the government offices. It is connected with Old Fez at one point, the north-east. Both towns are inclosed by a high wall of tapeea, a compound of mud and gravel. The walls are surmounted by square towers placed at intervals of about fifty yards. The material of which they are built being very friable, they would offer no resistance to modern artillery. Two forts, however, the "Bastiōn Bab el Ftour," and the "Bastiōn Dar el Khramees," which command the town from the north and south, are well built of

* Not, "later on to be called the Seboo," as Rohlfs says. One might as well say of the Lea, "later on to be called the Thames." The S'boo is an important river, and has flowed for many a mile under its own name before it is joined by the little Wed Fez.

solid stone. It was from these forts that the present Sultan bombarded the town, soon after his accession to the throne.

The great object of a Moorish architect being to exclude the rays of the sun, the streets are built of a most inconvenient narrowness. Many of them will not allow of two pack animals passing each other. I have often been obliged to halt in some side street, while a donkey with a load of vegetables was being backed into a wider thoroughfare to allow me to pass. The main streets (they are none of them twelve feet wide) are covered with a trelliswork of reeds, along which vines and other creepers are frequently entwined. The bystreets are spanned at intervals by the adjoining houses, the archway being generally so low that one has to bend forward on to one's horse's neck to ride under them. In riding through the town at night, as street lamps are unknown, one's first intimation of these

archways is often a violent blow on one's nose.

In consequence of the complete exclusion of the sun's rays, which is brought about by these narrow covered streets, the inhabitants of Fez are remarkable for the pallor of their complexions. No London shop-boy could have a skin less African in appearance, according to one's preconceived ideas. In addition to this unnatural paleness, a large proportion of the Fezzis have naturally light skins, and red-haired men are far from uncommon. Any enterprising manager in search of the realistic, who might be tempted to import a real live Moor as his Othello, under the impression that he would be ready blacked all over by nature, would be sadly disappointed if he happened to get hold of a Fezzi.

The amount of traffic which passes through these narrow streets is perfectly marvellous. Walking down the main thoroughfare, for

instance, what a wondrous crowd one meets ! First knocked nearly off one's legs by a passing camel, then picked up on the other side by a blow from a donkey's pannier, one fights one's way along ; here jammed into a corner with a hideous old hag, who hastily covers her face lest the infidel should behold her charms ; there carried forward with the crowd, who are eager to kiss the garment of the great man who is ambling by on his mule ; at one moment side by side with a respectable merchant, the next jostling with a grinning idiot, stark naked, a mass of vermin, sores, and filth, who is quite as likely as not to tear one to pieces with his teeth, while the crowd looks on and approves. Side by side with one are dirty, barefooted Jews, obsequious and cringing ; strange, half savage creatures from the mountains ; good-humoured-looking negro slaves ; and beggars maimed, halt, and blind, scarcely less repulsive in appearance

than the idiot saints. Suddenly one stumbles, and, picking oneself up, amidst a perfect cloud of flies, discovers that the half putrid carcase of a donkey has caused the fall. Perhaps in the evening it will be dragged outside the walls, perhaps the dogs will eat it first—who knows? as the Moors say, “Eeftsahallah!” (God will show); for the present, at any rate, there it will lie and rot, in the middle of the crowded street. No wonder de Amicis asks, “Am I awake or dreaming, whether the cities of Fez and Paris can possibly be situated in the same planet?”

The natural narrowness of the streets is made worse by a habit which the natives have of sitting on the ground against the walls. Barefooted though they are, they seem to have no fear of being trodden on by the passing horses; while riding through some of the narrow passages, it seems impossible to avoid injuring them.

The gardens with which nearly all the better houses of Fez are surrounded give the city a very curious appearance, both when viewed from above and when riding among them. In the latter case one can hardly believe that one is in the centre of a populous city. The gardens are surrounded by high white walls, over which nothing can be seen, and are separated by the narrowest of narrow passages. As there is but little traffic down them, a journey through the residential part of the town is of a most dreary character, and, especially in the evening, conveys the idea that one is riding through a city of vast tombs.

The streets in the native parts are very fairly clean and sweet, but the filth of the Mellah is beyond description. Among the most unpleasant features of the town are the refuse heaps outside the principal gates. Upon these every sort of objectionable

matter is thrown. The stench from them is unbearable. I have often seen a dozen dead horses and donkeys, in various stages of putrefaction, lying upon a single heap, within fifty yards of the town walls. As these mounds are naturally very favourable to vegetation, they are always chosen as the first halting-places of the cows, which are daily driven out into the country to feed. What would our doctors, who make such an outcry about impure milk, say to this? From under one of these heaps near the Bab Cidy Boonafa, in New Fez, a small stream issues. I noticed that this was the spot chosen by the Jewish washerwomen for carrying on their trade.

A great deal has been written about the excellent sewage system of Fez, and the numerous underground water carriers with which it is intersected. These exist without doubt, and every house is well supplied with

water, but when it is remembered that the sewage and supply conduits are identical, this system loses much of its value. The houses in the upper part of the town (Kaid Maclean's, for instance) get fairly pure water. A few suits of dirty clothes may have been washed in it before coming to them, still that is an unimportant detail; but the water supply of the lower town is simply the sewage of the upper. Its situation, however, gives it one great advantage, viz. the power of having the river turned through its streets. This is done periodically, and a thorough "wash-up" takes place. Not only are the streets cleansed, but all the accumulated filth in the houses thrown out, in anticipation of the stream, and for the time being Fez is as clean as the most energetic sanitary inspector could desire.

Fez is not possessed of any public buildings of great architectural merit; nothing, for

instance, nearly as fine as the mosque of the Kootoobeea at Marakish. The two principal mosques are those of the Karubbin and Mulay Edrees. The latter is dedicated to, and contains the shrine of, the patron saint of Fez. It is by him that all Fezzis swear, to him that they pray, and in his name that they curse. A portion of the crops is always promised to him, and invariably given if the harvest be good. This offering brings in a nice income to the descendants of the holy man, as well as to his makuddum or high-priest. The original makuddum was servant to the saint, and the post has been retained by his descendants. The present holder of the office is such a blackguard that the Sultan once considered it necessary to remove him from his office. A short time afterwards, in the dead of night, his Shreefian Majesty was roused from his sleep by a ghostly apparition. It was the spirit of his

saintly and departed ancestor, who, unable to rest in peace while his faithful makuddum was in disgrace, had come to wile away an hour with his descendant. The Sultan, moved by the evident distress of the poor ghost, and possibly not wishing to have his night's rest again disturbed, reinstated the makuddum on the following day.

The shrine of Mulay Edrees is much frequented by ladies who wish to be "as those who love their lords." Lying upon the floor of the shrine, they place their haiks over their faces, and call upon the saint to comfort them, remaining until they have reason to believe that their prayer has been answered.

One notices a rude representation of a hand, painted in red, on many of the door-posts. This is intended to protect the inmates from the influence of the evil eye.¹ The Moors

¹ Rohlfs says that this hand is the symbol of power, and is placed to put the inmates of the house under the

have a great belief in this influence, and think that the Christians possess it in a marked degree. So far, is this belief carried that many tradesmen will hide their more valuable goods if they see a Christian approaching their shop ; not as a precaution against any shoplifting tricks, for such civilised habits have not yet reached Fez, but for fear that their wares should be spoilt, perhaps spirited away altogether, by a glance from the evil-dealing optic of the Nazarene.

There is said to be one soldier in the regular army who possesses such a powerful eye that nothing can be done with him. Flog him blindfolded, or give orders for his imprisonment from any distance you like, it is certain that you will suffer for your interference. Oddly enough, Kaid Maclean him-

protection of an invisible power. This explanation may be the correct one, but I do not think it is recognised by the ordinary run of Moors.

self has a firm belief in the man's power, and testifies to several instances in which he himself has suffered by trifling with this dangerous person. It is to be hoped that such a phenomenon may never become prevalent in our own army. It would indeed be a sad state of things if it became known that ordering private Jones an extra parade was certain to give a severe cold to his captain; or that a couple of days cells for private Smith would entail an attack of gout upon his colonel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shocking want of propriety—Sketching under difficulties—Cidy Zaiaan el Erarkay—A Moorish dinner party—The Metassib—Moorish ladies—Their peculiarities—Fez by night—Cook-shops—The Moorish army—Drill—Askary and Emrhazny—Punishments—M. Erkmann—A.'s dress—Difficulty in choosing it—The Jews—Their miserable condition—A deputation—An unfortunate musician—Careful parents.

ALTHOUGH I showed such a shocking want of proper-mindedness in frequenting the roof at all, I was prevented by more serious considerations from remaining there for long at a time. Kaid Maclean had warned me that it might be fatal to the success of my journey if the authorities were to get hold of the idea that I

was given to sketching and map-making. I had therefore to keep a sharp look-out (assisted from below by A.), and beat a hasty retreat on the approach of any possible visitor; and as visitors, or people who might have been visitors, were appearing all day long, my panorama of Fez was made under some difficulties. This fear of being thought a spy also prevented my making as accurate a plan of Fez as I should have wished, as I had to trust everything to memory. However, as I rode along some portion of the walls nearly every day during the three weeks I was there, and made a sketch the moment I got home, I think I am not far from the truth, especially as I was able to take the bearings of a great part of the town from the roof.

I hardly know whether these precautions were necessary or not. Judging only from my own experience on the journey, I should say they certainly were not, but then, of course, I

was travelling with the Sultan's letter, ordering obedience to all my commands.

Like good Matthew Coo, who

"Cheered the unexciting lives
Of Pasha Bailey's lovely wives,"

I was a great source of amusement to the ladies of a neighbouring harem while sketching. I had always heard that the appearance of a man on a roof would at once drive all the women down stairs, but I expect this was a case of "When the cat is away," &c., for these good creatures would sit and giggle by the hour till some signal, warning them of the approach of the shereef, their lord, would cause a stampede. On such occasions I also made myself scarce for a while.

On my arrival I had sent the letter which Cidy Gebbas had kindly given me to his father, the shereef Cidy Zaiaan el Erarkay. He had very politely called at once, but I

was unfortunately out. However, on the day after my removal into Kaid Maclean's house, he called again. He was of course very glad to have news of his son, whom I justly described as a wonder of intelligence. Thanks to Kaid Maclean, I was really in want of nothing, but the shereef assured me that, if I did want anything, it was on his head, and that he should call every day to see whether he could do anything for me. As green tea is not out of season at any hour of the day or night in Marocco, A., nothing daunted by her mistake at Habbassy, volunteered to brew some, and again forgot the sugar. The shereef gallantly said that if she made it, the tea must be good, but I saw him in vain endeavouring to suppress a wry face as he swallowed the first unsweetened mouthful.

A few days afterwards we dined with the Shereef el Erarkay and Hadj el Midy Ben Arny, the metassib of Fez. This title was

translated to me as chief magistrate, but the duties are not of a judicial character, consisting chiefly in settling the prices at which provisions are to be sold, and seeing that they are not exceeded by the various tradesmen. He was a most curious-looking little man. His almost fleshless face was set off by an extraordinarily wide forehead and a correspondingly narrow chin, the peculiarities of which were heightened by a gigantic turban and a pointed Vandyke beard. He was dressed in short dark blue trousers, a pale blue kaftan covered by a fine muslin shirt, held in at the waist by an embroidered belt, from which hung a rosary. He wore no haik or soolham.

The dinner, in our honour, was of a semi-European character, but began with tea and dessert. The latter is a strong point in Moorish feasts. Besides the many excellent fruits of the country, it consists of endless curious sweet-meats. The Moors are passionately addicted

to sugar in all its forms, and some of their hallooah, as sweets are called, would do credit to the best French confectioner. Besides the kaab el rhezaal, of which I have already spoken, may be mentioned a sort of nougat made of walnuts and honey, a most delicious compound. Knives and forks had also been provided for our use. These, which were of the commonest kitchen kind, were a curious contrast to spoons of solid gold and a teapot of the same material.

After dinner A. visited the ladies of the harem. Unlike those of Habbassy, they were loaded with jewellery, some of it of great beauty. She was much struck with the material of their dresses, which she described as being extraordinarily stiff and heavy. The reason of this is that the great object of a Mooreess is to hide her figure, and thus always make it appear possible that she may be in an interesting condition. Indeed, with one accord they always assert that this is the case,

The broad stiff hazzam or girdle is worn with this view, and padding is often put under it to increase the effect. As the shereef remained in the room during the interview, the ladies were rather subdued, and had to restrain their curiosity.

Before leaving, we adjourned to the garden. The metassib, who was evidently quite the country gentleman, cut some branches laden with oranges and sweet lemons for A. It was a most ridiculous sight to see this little man, in his gorgeous robes, climbing the orange tree like a schoolboy. His dress seemed so much more suitable to a fancy ball or a burlesque than to real life.

It was dark as we rode home through the town. As I have said, there are no street lamps, but the main thoroughfare is fairly well lighted by the lamps in the shops, which seem to carry on a brisk trade until a late hour of the evening. One of the most curious

sights is the street of cookshops, where shweea^{*} and kiftsah are sold. The latter is prepared in the same manner as a sausage, but, instead of being forced into a skin, is moulded round a wooden skewer, and toasted over a charcoal fire. These shops are each provided with a row of little clay troughs filled with lighted charcoal, in which the kiftsah are cooked. For nearly a quarter of a mile both sides of the street are lined with these shops, their inmates all hard at work toasting and chopping. As the street is covered in, and there are, of course, no chimneys to the fire-places, the smell of cooking is rather oppressive.

I went several times with Kaid Maclean to see the troops at drill. The state of efficiency to which he has brought them reflects the greatest credit on that officer. Officers and men all know battalion drill, and skir-

* See p. 78.

mishing, with the manual and bayonet exercise, thoroughly, and, as a consequence, company and squad drill. When it is borne in mind that two years ago the Moorish army was simply an armed (and very badly armed) rabble, which did not even know how to form fours, this performance will be appreciated, the more so that on his arrival in the country Kaid Maclean did not speak a word of Arabic, and had to give his instructions through a Jew interpreter, who was wholly ignorant of drill.

The movements which I saw performed were all executed with an amount of precision which would have done credit to many English regiments. The men can hardly be called smart in appearance. The uniforms are of the most nondescript kind, the only uniformity being in the Fez caps on their heads and the yellow slippers on their feet. The remainder of the dresses, though something

of the same shape, are every colour of the rainbow, red, blue, green, yellow; here red trousers and a yellow jacket, there a pair of dirty white trousers, a green jacket, and a blue waistcoat. There is scarcely more uniformity about the rifles than about the clothes. The weapon in use is a very inferior breech-loader, called the Wendel, which was palmed off upon the Sultan by the "braves Belges." Bad as it is, it would be better than the old flintlocks, were the rifles of one size; but this is not the case, and as only one size of ammunition has been supplied, not one gun in five will take the cartridge served out. As, at the time of my visit, five thousand more of these rifles were waiting at Tangier for the Sultan to take, Kaid Maclean asked me, as an instructor of musketry, to write a report on the weapon. I had no difficulty in conscientiously giving an unfavourable opinion on it, as the first one which I tried burst in

my hand, while the escape of gas from the breech was so great in all of them as to singe my eyebrows.*

The words of command are given in English, but the "cautions" are of course Arabic; the result is a rather ludicrous jumble of tongues. Such sentences as "Zeed, zeed" (Go on), "el right guide number one," "Lai harkabook, haddak el kaid meeaa, number four, mah andek arkel, shoof, fours right!" (God burn your father that captain of number four, you have got no sense, see! fours right!) are frequently occurring. It seems to answer, however, very well, and has the advantage of keeping the field clear of other European powers.

There is only one recognised punishment for the army, viz. flogging. Officers and men

* Since writing the above, I have heard from Kaid Maclean that all the rifles have been condemned and returned.

are treated alike in this respect. Kaid Maclean told me that on one occasion, having complained that the men did not come in time for parade, the Sultan at once issued an order that every captain of a company was to be punished in this manner! If the men are stupid or inattentive at drill, Kaid Maclean simply sends them away, telling them that they are fools and not fit to drill. I saw a heavy-looking black youth punished in this way for making some mistake at bayonet exercise. He certainly seemed even more sorry for himself than an English soldier would have been if he had been awarded a couple of practice drills.

The Moorish army is composed of two totally distinct sets of troops, the askar or regular army, and the emrhaznea or government soldiers, as they are called. The askar, who number about 6,000, are Kaid Maclean's men, and the troops I saw drilling. They

are armed and drilled in European fashion, and are thoroughly to be depended upon. They are selected by a sort of conscription, each village being obliged to send a certain number, which is made up by taking so many from each family according to the number of grown-up sons which it possesses. Emrhaz-neea are only liable to serve when called upon, each kaid being bound to provide a contingent. They are quite undrilled and undisciplined, and are armed with the old unwieldy flintlock of the country. Their whole tactics consist in riding towards the enemy at full gallop, discharging their piece, and galloping away to reload. This manœuvre, which they are never tired of performing, is, when gone through with blank, the famous *lhab el barōd*, about which so much has been written.

Asking Kaid Maclean what chance he thought the Moors would have against a

European army, he replied:—"If we met them in the open, we should of course be cut to pieces, but we would take good care to avoid that. I think that we might give them a great deal of trouble by marching round them, cutting off their supplies, and surprising them in defiles and places where they could not manœuvre. I will back my men to march and go without food longer than any troops in the world." My own experience quite carries out the latter part of this remark. Like the Red Indian, the Moor seems capable of doing without food for an almost unlimited time, and as for fatigue, he simply does not know what it means. I have seen men during the Ramadan, when they must necessarily abstain from meat and drink,¹ keep up a jog-trot after a mule, from before sunrise to

¹ Travellers are excused from this, on condition that they pay up the fasts missed, but this is rarely taken advantage of.

sunset, on a hot September day, with perhaps an hour's rest at noon. Then, instead of lying down to rest, they would sit up till past midnight singing and playing the gimbry, and repeat the performance for ten days at a stretch.

The Moorish army possesses no engineers, transport, or commissariat, and not a single doctor; yet nearly every spring an army of thirty thousand men takes the field against some lawless tribe or other, and as far as I can learn, no serious disaster has ever overtaken it. Dreadful suffering, however, must be caused by the want of proper medical assistance. I was told by an eye-witness that he had often seen a dozen or more wounded men brought before the Sultan after a battle, and then left to die in the sun, while the army moved on to another place. However, while the present state of opinion about surgical operations holds good, a surgeon would

be of little use. To cut off any part of the body which God has given us is impious. So afraid are they of this being done that, when wounded, they will rarely let a Christian touch them. Kaid Maclean told me a story illustrative of this, about a poor fellow who had been shot on parade by a comrade, who had loaded his rifle with ball by mistake. He said :—"The ball had gone in at the shoulder, and, glancing from the bone, had entered the lungs. I found the man calling on Allah and all the saints to help him, but he would not let me even take off his coat. I asked him if he wanted anything ; he replied that he should like some bread and smin (rancid butter) and an onion. He ate them, and shortly after died."

The few artillery which the Sultan possesses are commanded by a French officer, Captain Erkmann. He was forced upon the Sultan by the French government, who were jealous

of Kaid Maclean's command. There is, however, a vast difference between the two. Kaid Maclean is a retired English officer, who entered the Sultan's service of his own free will. M. Erkmann still holds his commission in the French army. I should fancy that drilling his Shereefian Majesty's artillery is a very unimportant part of his duties. He struck me as a man of great intelligence, and I shall be surprised if he does not take back with him some very desirable information. It is a significant fact that he is to stay in Marocco till next year, that is, till after the Sultan has made his long-talked-of expedition into the country between Fez and the Algerian frontier; a *terra incognita* to the French War Department, but about which they are most anxious to acquire information.

My days at Fez were mostly spent in riding in the neighbourhood, sketching, and shopping, my nights in listening to Kaid Maclean's

various and strange adventures during his sojourn in the country. I hope he may some day be persuaded to publish an account of these, but, as he said himself, "If I were to publish half the things I have seen with my own eyes in this extraordinary country, I should be branded as a liar for the rest of my life."

In my rides I was generally accompanied by Hadj Hammid, a kaid lara, or colonel, of the regular army, who kindly acted as my cicerone during my stay in Fez. He was a charming companion, and gave me a great deal of useful information about the country and the neighbourhood. When A. went with me, which was not often, as women are not supposed to go about, we were accompanied by an escort. Accustomed as I had become on my last visit to Fez to rude staring and muttered curses, it was a great change to find myself saluted on all sides as I rode along

the streets, for most of the regular army knew me by sight, and treated me with far more respect than I was entitled to. These troops of course salute in the European fashion, but the emrhazneea retain the old-fashioned and far more picturesque salute of the country. This consists in stepping out of the slippers and throwing the soolham over the right shoulder. As this movement renders useless the right, or striking arm, it is practically, as well as theoretically, an attitude of submission.

As I knew I that should have to dress as a Moor on my journey across to Oudjda, I thought it better to get into the habit of wearing the native dress at once; besides which it was far pleasanter, as I could go where I liked without attracting attention. A. also wore Moorish costume, and rode astride when she went out. Choosing a dress for her was a matter of

some difficulty, as Moorish ladies hardly ever travel. A common woman would wrap herself in her haik and walk ; one of a slightly higher caste would ride on a pack saddle, also wrapped in a haik. Now, as I have already said, a haik is a garment which it is almost impossible for a European to wear, as, even if he or she should succeed in keeping it on, it would be found impossible to arrange the folds properly without years of practice. Almost the only other class of women who travel are negresses, for if a basha or a kaid goes on a journey, he generally takes a black woman with him. However, for A. to pass as a black woman was even more difficult than wearing the haik ; so we had to fall back on the only class which was left to us, viz. the ladies of the Sultan's harem. They are for the most part white (or what passes for white in Marocco), and in winter they always wear a blue soolham

when travelling, and ride astride a mule-saddle. A lady of the Sultan's harem it was therefore decided that A. should be, and Boomgrais and the rest of the party were warned to stick to that story with their dying breaths, if necessary. Of course we hoped it would not be necessary, and as it turned out, it was not; but in case of accident, I had determined that she was to be a present from the Sultan of Marocco to the Sultan of the French,¹ and that we were her escort.

Most of our shopping was done at home, for, as I have mentioned, it is not considered the correct thing to go oneself into the sōk. Our purchases were mostly in the painted earthenware for which Fez is famous, and silver work. The latter is almost entirely in

¹ The head of the French government is always spoken of as the Sultan. Boomgrais always called him "the Queen Franceez."

the hands of the Jews. Poor cringing creatures they were, for centuries of oppression have quite broken the spirit of the Moorish Jew. I remember, when I was at Marakish, I was dozing on my divan one sultry afternoon in very light order. Baruel, my interpreter, and the other servants were out, and I thought that I had got the house to myself. I was roused by feeling something clammy touch my bare feet. Starting up, I found that my foot was in the hands of an old Jew, who proceeded to cover it with kisses. In the background were a dozen more, who all in turn followed his example. As this was my first experience of this sort of thing, I had great difficulty in keeping my countenance, while they told me a woeful tale of wrongs. They have an idea that Christians are all-powerful with the Moorish government, and it was to request me to interfere on their behalf that the deputation had come.

When out of their own quarters, the Jews are forced to go barefooted, and to wear the soolham with the opening over their left shoulder, so that the right arm may be rendered useless. They are subjected to many other similar annoyances and tyrannies. As a case in point, I may mention an occurrence which took place while I was at Mazagan. The basha of that town, being seized with a sudden yearning to hear the tones of the guitar, sent for a Jewish musician who performed on that instrument, bidding him come at once. It so happened that the Jew was then engaged in playing at a wedding of his own people. He sent a message, humbly apologising, but saying that he could not come. The wedding was soon afterwards interrupted by half a dozen of the basha's soldiers, who seized the unfortunate musician and took him before the basha. He was at once given a hundred lashes. In spite of ill-treatment, the

Jews manage to thrive and grow rich ; they are tolerated by the Moors as a necessary evil, for without them half the trades of the empire would come to a standstill. That this is appreciated by the Moors is shown by the law which forbids a Jewish woman to leave the country.

The Jewish women are far better-looking than their Moorish sisters, who are all too dark. To our eyes the figures of the Jewesses are hardly fine enough, but their faces leave nothing to be desired ; they have nearly all magnificent eyes. They marry extraordinarily young. On my previous visit to Fez I was present at a wedding at which a young gentleman of fourteen was made one with a young lady of nine. They both seemed highly delighted with themselves, and were dressed up to the nines—she in a dress of cloth of gold, he in a tunic of pea-green silk. I inquired whether this was not taking

time very much by the forelock, even for this precocious climate. I was told that the marriage was only a form, and would not be consummated for some years. It appears that these young Jewish ladies are rather troublesome to keep in order, and that their parents are always glad to get them safely married before they have had time to commit any little indiscretion which would lower their value in the marriage market.

Although, as I had experienced, there had been abundance of rain in the north-west provinces, not a drop had as yet fallen at Fez. That it must come soon was considered a certainty. It was therefore very tantalising to me to see fine weather slipping away, as I then thought, when, as I was comfortably housed, it might as well have been raining. Day after day, Kaid Maclean asked the Wizeer when my mules would be ready. "Raddoa, eenshallah!" (To-morrow, please God)

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was the invariable reply. I at last began to think that, not liking to refuse me point-blank, which a Moor will rarely do, they intended to tire me out, and so make me return peaceably to Tangier.

CHAPTER IX.

The Sultan's gardener—A Sultan's gratitude—Target practice
—Dentistry—A promising youth—"Serve her right"—
Mulay Yakob—The Wizeer's ladies—His disappointment—
His toilet—A wonderful sight—Arsenic—Poisoning—
Ready for a start—Fever—A tabeef—Moorish remedies—
The Wizeer's theory—Missionaries—An enthusiast.

My impatience was not much calmed by a conversation I had one day with a man who farmed the oranges in Kaid Maclean's garden. He said he knew the country through which I was going to pass, and pronounced that it was quite impracticable to travel in during wet weather; the truth of this was fully borne out by my own observations. He gave me a dreadful account

of this country altogether. "El burrd bizaff, el mah bizaff, el tselj bizaff, serak bizaff, jebal kebeer kebeer" (Frost, rain, snow, and robbers in abundance, and enormous mountains). Between each "bizaff" he raised his right hand to the level of his shoulder, and gave vent to a sort of low whistle to intensify his meaning. I found him a most intelligent man, and, for a Moor, highly educated. He knew of Spain, France, Paris, Moscow, America, Stamboul, England, London, and Cremorne Gardens. He appeared to take a great interest in the latter spot, and inquired anxiously whether they were more beautiful than those of the Sultan. He afterwards explained that he had been head gardener to the late Sultan, but that his present Majesty did not care for flowers. The late Sultan had a passion for making gardens; among others, he made a beautiful one at Marakish, which was the scene of a dreadful

atrocity. In the garden is a beautiful lake, on which the Sultan was in the habit of rowing with the ladies of his harem. One day, while thus engaged, the boat capsized, and had it not happened that two men who were working in the garden saw the accident and rushed in at the risk of their own lives, the whole party must inevitably have been drowned. One would naturally have thought that a handsome gift, or a pension for life would have been a fitting reward for their services. Quite a different view was taken of the matter. To have seen his Shreefian Majesty in such an undignified position, and, moreover, with his ladies, was a crime only punishable by death. The unfortunate men were accordingly walled up in a small room and left to starve or die of suffocation. Their skeletons were found while some repairs were being made in the palace on the present Sultan's accession.

As Kaid Maclean's garden was a good-sized one, A. took the opportunity of going in privately for pistol practice, to be prepared for all emergencies on the journey. Her Deringer caused considerable amusement among the Moors, who, until they had seen it fired, could not believe that such an insignificant-looking weapon could be anything but a toy. I had intended arming her with a revolver, but found that any "pull" which was heavy enough to be safe was too stiff for her. I also had a good deal of pistol and rifle practice. In the latter I was joined by Kaid Maclean and Hadj Hammid, both of them excellent shots. We had some very exciting matches, our target being an orange balanced on the neck of a bottle, the bottle playing a somewhat similar part to the haunch of the running deer at Wimbledon. I never had the good fortune to see any shooting with the native flintlocks,

but wonderful stories of William-Tell-like feats are told as having been performed with them. Any Moors who used my rifle certainly made wonderful practice with it, considering that the weapon was strange to them. This makes it all the more to be regretted that the Moorish army is not armed with some really good rifles, which might be bought in all probability quite as cheaply as the rubbishing Belgian weapon which they at present have.

I had been suffering from toothache ever since I came to Fez, and at last it got so bad that I determined to resign myself to the tender mercies of a tabeef.¹ On making inquiries, however, I was delighted to hear that there was a French dentist residing in the town. Although the tabeef would have been a novel experience, having a tooth extracted with a pair of blacksmith's pincers

¹ A native doctor.

was not a pleasing prospect. As it happened, I might as well have had my experience, for the Frenchman, after hauling twenty minutes by the clock, succeeded in breaking my jaw. The scene, however, was a sufficiently quaint one as it was, and quite unlike the ordinary routine of the dreary waiting-room and torture-chair of the London dentist. Like the Fez shopmen, he attended me at my own house. He at once proceeded to business, and laid me on my back on the tiled terrace outside my room. He was accompanied by a miserable little Arab boy, who carried his tools. Never as long as I live shall I forget the fiendish expression of delight which pervaded this boy's features during the operation. It reminded me, but for the devilishness of it, of an English child at his first pantomime. If that boy ever grows up, and becomes a basha, which, like the field-marshall's bâton to the French

soldier, is within reach of all, God help his subjects.

The general opinion of my retainers was that the tabeef Franceez was "mashy mizian" (literally, not beautiful). This he certainly was not in any sense of the word. A more dirty-looking scoundrel I never had the misfortune to see; his fingers left a nauseous taste of garlic and perspiration in my mouth for fully an hour afterwards. True to the instincts of his race, he had, in spite of his many defects, managed to get entangled in an amour with a Mooreess, and had in consequence been requested to leave the town. To most of our customs the Moor merely exercises a passive resistance, but when it comes to interfering with his wives, his latent energy comes to the surface. That is the one Christian custom which he will not stand. In the seaports and the seats of government like Fez, Mekenes, and Marakish, the power

of the Christian is too much dreaded to allow of open violence, though even in these semi-civilised spots I should not care to stand in the shoes of any man who had carried his intrigues into the "upper circles."

In those places where civilisation has exercised its sway, and its customs are to some extent respected, it is the woman who suffers. An instance of this occurred at Dar el Baida (Casa Bianca), which must have satisfied the most civilised. A young Spaniard, having made the acquaintance of a Moorish woman, had induced her to come to his house. This being reported to the basha he sent soldiers to blockade all the exits, for in a town having European consuls he did not dare offer violence to the Christian. The manœuvre answered admirably, for after two days, all the food in the house being exhausted, the Spaniard was forced to

venture forth in search of some. No sooner was he clear of the premises than the soldiers rushed in and flogged the poor girl to death.

I had noticed some highly coloured candles hanging in my servant's tent for some days, and had wondered to what use they intended to put them. The mystery was solved by Boomgrais asking permission to "see a saint man, Mooros." The "saint man" turned out to be a certain Mulay Yakob, whose tomb is near Fez. Near it is a hot sulphur spring, which is said to issue from the saint's body, and is considered very beneficial for diseases of the skin. In taking this bath, it is absolutely necessary to keep calling out, "Mulay Yakob, burrd ou shroon, burrd ou shroon" (Cold and hot, cold and hot), or the saint will send the water so hot that the bather will be boiled.

In answer to my request that A. might

visit the Wizeer's wives, a message came, saying that they would be at home on the following morning. She accordingly went to the Wizeer's house, but found that an unexpected event had kept them away. They had gone on the previous day to pay a visit to the ladies of the Sultan's harem, and during the visit one of them had given birth to a daughter. The Wizeer was in a furious rage at this, for it is always a son who is wished for:

Though the wives were away, the concubines were all at home, and A. had a better opportunity of seeing harem life than she had as yet had. One of these ladies was engaged in dressing her lord, when A. arrived. She had nearly finished, and was then holding up his petticoats and fumigating his legs with a censer of lighted incense.

As soon as the Wizeer had left them, A. was told to come immediately, and see a

wonderful sight which was visible from one of the windows. This extraordinary spectacle turned out to be a man, a real live strange man, and not their husband. He was engaged in mending the wall in a far off part of the garden. To them it was of course a sight worth seeing, but to A. it seemed very absurd to be run up two flights of stairs in such a hurry to see a bricklayer's back, at a distance of a hundred yards. These ladies, A. said, were far younger and prettier than any she had hitherto seen, but all far too dark to suit our ideas of beauty. They all feel this very much themselves, and employ every means in their power to improve their complexions. Among the chief of these is arsenic, which is also used by them as a depilatory. There is hardly a Mooreess or Jewess in the country who does not possess enough to poison herself and all her family. Among the Jewesses especially, I heard of

several cases of poisoning, both accidental and intentional. I do not know whether this is the drug used by the men as a means of getting rid of inconvenient personages, but there is no doubt that some equally powerful preparation is extensively used for this purpose. The Sultan uses it in a semi-judicial manner, and a kaid or basha who receives a cup of tea from him drinks it, as fully conscious of the result as the Japanese who plunges the harikari knife into his own entrails. As far as I could hear, these private executions on the Sultan's part are generally in the interests of justice, but I fear the same cannot be said of the cases in which private individuals have taken the law into their own hands. The cause of this is generally some jealousy among court officials. The victim and the executioner are nearly always a minister or basha. Humbler individuals sometimes suffer. A German

bandmaster in the Sultan's employ had his life attempted three times in this manner. Once he was warned by his servant, once he took an emetic in time, once an over-dose caused vomiting and saved his life; in the end he died suddenly—of fever (?).

At length I heard the welcome news that the mules were really ready, and a start was arranged for Monday, December 22. However, "Man proposes," &c. By six on Monday morning everything was packed and ready for a start, but the mules had not turned up. It had been discovered at the last moment that one of them would not do, and another had to be sought for. As they had not arrived at eleven, I had reluctantly to give it up for the day. By two o'clock A. was in a high fever. The day was a warm one, and I was astonished to hear her complain of cold. Looking at her, I was horrified to see her cheeks quite blue. Her teeth were chattering,

and her hands as cold as ice. I piled all our mats and rugs on her, and gave her a good stiff glass of hot whisky and water. This restored warmth, but she complained of a violent headache, and I found that her pulse beat one hundred and twenty. I gave her a large dose of castor-oil, and by means of a hot-water bottle, and covering her with rugs, tried to induce perspiration. Even after this came on, she complained of the same bursting sensation in her temples. As this continued for two days, and entirely prevented sleep, I determined to have her bled at the back of the neck. I tried to get some leeches, but although they were said to inhabit the neighbouring rivers, none were to be found. I was therefore forced to send for a tabeeb. I was agreeably surprised at his gentleness and neatness of manipulation. He was a most curious-looking man with a perfectly clean-shaved face and head, with

the exception of his little pig-tail, which all true believers leave for the Prophet to catch hold of upon the Day of Judgment. His head, like that of a professional fly-catcher, carried the proof of his art. It was scarred all over with little gashes, which showed how often and how successfully he had cupped himself. He was the thinnest man I ever came across, and his bony hands were cold as death. With my assistance he first of all shaved two patches on the back of A.'s head, then, making four slight cuts with a razor on each patch, he placed a tin vessel, like a large tobacco pipe, over each set of wounds, and sucked at them alternatively, every now and then taking them off to empty out the blood. The relief to A. was instantaneous. She could not only see, which she had scarcely been able to do for two days, but her appetite returned, and on the following morning she was well enough to go out. The tabeef's

fee was ninepence. He was a far superior man to any I had seen before. My only experience had been of itinerant professors, who, pitching their tents in some sōk, on market day, gave rough and ready doctoring to all comers. The stock in trade of these men generally consisted of a Koran, pens, ink, and paper, a bar of iron kept at red heat in a charcoal furnace, a pot of pitch, and a few herbs. Firing is a very favourite remedy with these people. A headache is cured (?) by scoring the top of the shaven pate with an X. Pains in the stomach are treated by a similar application to the part affected. Some patients, chiefly women, are given a verse of the Koran dissolved in water, to be taken internally. They employ several herbal remedies with success. Among them is the leaf of the cactus, from which a thick sap exudes when soaked in water. This, I am told, is an excellent remedy for whooping-

cough. The decoction of a herb called "sheikh" is taken largely in cases of fever, both internally and as an inhalation. The latter process produces a profuse perspiration. A herb of the camomile tribe is also employed in fevers. Green tea, which we rightly consider so unwholesome, is thought a sovereign remedy for all ills in Morocco. It may be on the "hair of the dog that bit you" principle, for I believe half their ailments are brought on by the excessive use of this beverage. However, as they wash the leaves before brewing, they may not get such a heavy dose of copper as we should.

A. was not yet well when Boomgrais was attacked by fever. It was not quite of the same type as hers, being the ordinary fever and ague, and between the fits he was fairly well. I heard also that the Grand Wizeer had been similarly attacked, as had one of my mule-men. Boomgrais was very sorry for

himself, rocking himself to and fro, and muttering, "Yeer larteef! oollah! Mulay Edrees!" (What a pity, O God, O Mulay Edrees!) by the hour. However, with the help of seidlitz powders and quinine, I soon got him into working order again.

The Grand Wizeer gave an explanation of the cause of A.'s illness in a way which, if not very probable, was at all events original. He said that, in riding through the town, she had probably peeped into the mosque of Mulay Edrees, and had then gone home and drunk wine. It was a well-known fact, he said, that any one who looked at the tomb of a saint and then touched a forbidden thing was sure to be taken ill. As A. is a teetotaller by taste, I fear this ingenious theory hardly holds good. Oddly enough, the Wizeer himself got the fever a few days afterwards. I never heard whether he had been touching anything he ought not.

Apropos of this, Kaid Maclean told me that on his arrival in Fez he was given a house which overlooked a holy tomb, but he was so strongly urged to give it up, by one of his friends, that he thought it better to do so. "You know you Christians will do unlawful things," said his adviser; "and if you do, it is certain that some misfortune will happen to you, with that shrine so near."

I had hoped to be halfway to Oudjda by Christmas Day, but when it came, I still found myself at Fez. This anniversary is kept as a two days' feast. As with us, it is celebrated by a most unwholesome amount of eating. Great jollifications appeared to be going on; the drum and rheeta were in full force, and guns were being fired all day and night. Some attempt at charades or private theatricals was made at the court, and one of the Wizeers, having managed to get hold of a pair of trousers and a tall hat,

masqueraded as a Christian. In every dwelling was to be seen a curious little house or temple, made of coloured paper. I could not discover the origin of this custom. A Moor, of whom I was seeking information on this head, posed me by asking why we hung branches of trees about at our great feast. He had once spent a Christmas at Gibraltar.

I do not know whether any organised attempts have ever been made to convert the Moors to Christianity, but if so, they have been given up. With the exception of two or three Roman Catholic priests at Tangier, and one clergyman of the Church of England, a converted Jew, at Mogador, there are at present no Christian ministers in the country. The latter gentleman devotes all his efforts to his own people; I hear, with very little success. A few miserable creatures renounce their religion for a time, for the sake of the food and

lodging which they gain by so doing, but invariably return to their former faith in the long run.¹

A story is told of a well-meaning gentleman, with more enthusiasm than brains, who made some attempts to convert the Moslems of Tangier. His method was simply to go into the market-place, accompanied by an interpreter, and read aloud from the Bible, pausing between each sentence for the interpreter to translate the sacred words to the crowd. That worthy, having some respect for his own life, explained at each pause that his employer was a madman of a very pronounced type, and must on no

¹ I have been told by a Jewish gentleman in England that the Society for Converting the Jews makes most of its converts (?) in Poland. The Jews of that country eagerly take advantage of the sum of money, and free passage to England, which is given by the society to those who are willing to change their faith. As soon as they have made their fortunes in England, they return to their own country and their own religion.

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account be molested. As the Moors have a great respect for madmen, this explanation probably saved the missionary's life. On another occasion this gentleman sought to overthrow the teachings of Mohammed by stationing himself in a window, overlooking the main street, armed with a prayer-book and a watering-pot. From the one he read the baptismal service, and from the other poured the baptismal water on the heads of the passers-by.

CHAPTER X.

Off at last—Our party—Curious colouring—The Camel's Neck mountain—Curses and their uses—Kassbar of Kaid Jellally—A music lesson—The Moorish dress—Its advantages—Its disadvantages—Marakshy cursed as a Christian—Our escort—Lhab el barod—Ain el Geddar.

ON the morning of the Saturday after her attack, A. was so much better that we were able to start. With the exception of Abd Salam, Boomgrais, and Marakshy, I had paid off all my men on arriving at Fez. We now started with a totally fresh party.

Our kaid, Mohammed ben Abd Salam, was rather a big man in his way, a kaid of sixty, which is a greater command than most English captains of companies have now-a-

days. He had been khraleefa at Oudjda for some years, and was therefore thoroughly acquainted with the route. He was a most patriarchal-looking person, and would have made an excellent model for a picture of Abraham. He was a charming man to talk to, but, as I afterwards found to my cost, dreadfully avaricious. Under his command were four soldiers. A wild-looking Reefian, with long black elf-locks, by name Boostar. He was a capital fellow, and a very good worker. He was said to be "mizian für en haar de barōd" (always good for a day with the powder, *i.e.* a day's fighting). Ibrahim, a good-looking boy, with a wonderful flow of conversation; another with only one eye; and a poor decrepit old man, with sunken eyes and palsied limbs, who looked as if half an hour with the barōd would be too much for him. These, with Marakshy, made an escort of six. Besides this, we had

three muleteers, and were accompanied by two malmeen¹ or artisans, who were anxious to practise their trades at Oudjda. They had intended to go to Tangier, and thence by sea to Nemours, but, hearing that I was about to do the journey overland, with an escort, had asked leave to accompany me. Altogether our party consisted of fifteen men, or rather fourteen men and a woman, and thirteen beasts.

Passing out of the Bab el Ftour, at the south-east corner of the city, half an hour's ride among pretty hills dotted with olive trees brought us up to our old friend, the S'boo. Here, the river being easily fordable, it is spanned by a massive stone bridge of eight arches. We followed the course of the river for nearly an hour down a broad fertile valley. Then, turning more to the east, we ascended the steep sides of Jebel

¹ Plural of mallem, artisan.

Onk de Jemel, or the Camel's Neck, mountain. The country had now assumed a very wild and dreary appearance. The hills were of the same alluvial clay which we had encountered between Fez and the Wed Ordōm. The Sherardra hills, however, had a tinge of red, which gave a warmth to the scene. This had now entirely disappeared ; and in spite of the powerful sun there was a cold lifelessness about the view which was very depressing. The hills were scored with deep ravines, along the edges of which we wound.

As A. was still weak, and required as much rest as possible, I had sent on my baggage animals at an early hour, giving the men orders to push on and get the tents pitched at our halting-place ready for us. Coming round a corner of the hill, I was disgusted to see them toiling slowly up a few hundred yards in front of us. As soon as I came up to them, I gave them the full

benefit of the less polite portion of my Arabic vocabulary with such effect that, as long as the country remained safe enough to allow of the party being separated, they mended their ways and their pace.

A knowledge of the curses of the country is very necessary to a traveller in Marocco. Without it one can do nothing with the men; they simply do what they please, and laugh at one. Threats of reporting them to the basha or the consul, of having them flogged or imprisoned, are useless. One may forget all about it. At all events, it is a long way off. But the curse is a prompt, sharp punishment, for they really consider it in that light. If a man gives vent to wishes prejudicial to the welfare of one's eyes, we think him rude, and possibly kick him, but we do not think it necessary to consult an oculist. With the Moor it is different; he fully believes in the power of the curse. If

one expresses a hope that his family may be scattered and his great-great-grandfather committed to the flames, he looks upon it as more than probable that these calamities will actually befall him. Reaching the summit of the Camel's Neck, we entered upon an elevated plateau, well cultivated, and dotted with doouar¹ of the Oolad el Hadj, or sons of the pilgrim.

Our halt was made on the eastern extremity of the plateau, at the kassbar of Kaid Jellally ben Mohammed, in the Hianna district, a part of the country which Rohlfs reports to be so dangerous as to be impassable "even for the emkadam of the Grand Shereef." A very fine view was commanded from our camping-ground: to the south-east, the high mountainous ranges of Ghraiatsa and Beni Ouarain, here and there capped with snow; in the middle distance, an endless succession

¹ Plural of dooar.

of round-topped alluvial hills; and at our feet, some two hundred feet below us, the valley of the Wed Yenouin, a tributary of the S'boo, which, winding between high precipices, loses itself in the north-west.

The kassbar was a small one-storied hut, built of sun-dried bricks, and surrounded by a yard, very different from the pretentious buildings of the kaids of South Morocco, or even from the more modest ones which we had found on the way to Fez. Near the kassbar was a small scattered village, the houses of which, in groups of three or four, were inclosed by mud walls.

The kaid, on being given the Sultan's letter, kissed it, and placed it against his forehead. Having read it, he seized my hand, and holding it firmly in his, repeated "Mah habbabek!" (You are welcome) about twenty times.

Besides the eternal k'skessoo, our mona

consisted of two sheep, two dozen fowls, one hundred eggs, two cones of sugar, tea, candles, barley, &c. A. had bought a gim-bry at Fez, but had been too ill to practise it. Hearing that one of our artisans was a great performer, she asked him to give her a lesson, and he accordingly squatted in the door of our tent, and played "The pibroch of his race, the song without a tune." A. could not make much of the Moorish music, which she said was divided differently from ours, and she finally subsided into English melodies, awakening the echoes of Hianna with the classical sounds of "Right you are, says Moses."

As I have said, we had adopted the Moorish dress for our journey. In this part of the country it was indispensable, as, although, of course, we were recognised as Christians in the villages where we passed the night, and where we were under the protection of

the kaid, it was desirable not to attract notice on the road, among a lawless and fanatical population. The mountains through which we should have to pass were nearly all infested with robbers, whose habit it was to pounce out on travellers and caravans. These gentlemen, who would content themselves with stripping a true believer naked, would hardly have thrown away such a splendid chance of combining duty and pleasure, and securing at one stroke plunder and salvation, as the murder and robbery of a Christian offers, had they recognised us as "infidels and rebels against God." Besides this, the most thick-skinned of us prefer to be blessed rather than to be cursed, if they have the choice. As one rides along, it is far pleasanter to hear a friendly "Salamoo alikoom!"¹ (Peace be with you!) from the

¹ The Moors always use the plural, "Salamoo alikoom!" even if addressing a single traveller, as they assume that

passers-by, than see a scowling face, generally in the act of expectorating, and hear a muttered "N'zararny kaffir!" (Christian infidel!)

I had one of the disadvantages of the Moorish dress brought strongly before me when at Kaid Jellally's. Wandering about outside the tent at night, my bare legs came in contact with a mimosa bush; and before I could extricate myself, the sharp thorns had torn my ankle to a most painful extent. I came back to the tent, streaming with blood, and quite frightened A., who thought that at least I must have been engaged in mortal combat with the enemy. A., too, found that the Moorish dress was not without its disadvantages. Her great difficulty was in eating. It was difficult enough to make an the Prophet is with every true believer. It will be noticed that Kaid Taieb (p. 266) greeted me with "Salaam alikoom!"—taking it for granted that the Prophet was not with me.

opening for the mouth at all, but having overcome that difficulty, she found it even harder to convey her food to it. Her face was so effectually bandaged up that she could only see straight in front of her, and consequently, when the spoon or fork arrived within about a foot of her mouth, it became lost to view, and the odds were considerably in favour of the food being deposited anywhere but in the recipient which nature has given us for it. She also found her long robes very difficult to manage, and, when she attempted to move, always made a clean sweep of any candles or glasses that happened to be on the floor. To my mind, the greatest inconvenience is caused by the hood, which is attached to all Moorish upper garments. Although an excellent protection both from heat and cold, it makes it impossible to see behind one. I noticed that the Moors themselves never attempted to turn their necks

to look back, but invariably turned their horses right round.

Judging by an incident which occurred during our morning ride, I think that a traveller who wishes to pass as a Moor need not have any uneasiness about his complexion or European features, if other things are right. The tarpaulin jacket which I have mentioned as belonging to Abd Salam had been purchased from him by Marakshy, and, in spite of a broiling sun and cloudless sky, he had thought fit to appear in it. Now, a more uncouth-looking savage than Marakshy it is impossible to imagine, or one less like a European. His thick lips, swarthy complexion, and long black elf-locks, would, I should have thought, have stamped him as a Moor in any dress. Yet, deceived by this thin disguise of a sailor's jacket, some villagers mistook him for a Christian, and had expended a fine volley of curses on him,

before they were stopped by some forcible repartee, in their own tongue from Marakshy. I, on the other hand, as I have already said, was never suspected of being otherwise than a true believer.

Next morning we were off betimes; the kaid, his two sons, and a dozen horsemen, accompanied us. Making an abrupt descent into the valley of the Yenouin, we followed the windings of that river. Although no rain had fallen in this part of the country for eighteen months, there was a fair supply of water in the river, which is partly supplied from the snows of Beni Ouarain. An hour's ride brought us opposite the little village of Sheikh Bararso, from out of which dashed a dozen horsemen, flourishing their long guns and charging madly at us, then suddenly wheeling round, they quietly joined the escort. This performance was repeated at every village we passed, until our escort

numbered more than fifty strong. They were wild-looking fellows, their only garment a flowing haik. From their shoulders hung a curiously worked wooden powder flask; from this again depended two little worked leather bags, for balls and wadding. The cloth covers of their long guns were slung over their shoulders, in the fashion of the rolled coats of our English soldiers. They were mounted on diminutive little Barbs, some of them hardly more than fourteen hands high. Many of them had their manes hogged and their tails closely shaved. This fashion, although it gave them a rather sporting appearance, was not at all in keeping with the flowing robes of the riders and the large saddles and gorgeous trappings of the horses. Suddenly one of them would start forward with a piercing yell, and, waving his gun in the air, and putting spurs to his horse, disappear over the sky-line. Then

three or four would start together at racing pace, without any apparent reason, and go through a sort of bayonet exercise at full gallop.

Arrived at the boundary of Kaid Jellally's district, we were honoured with a display of power-play. Here we parted with the kaid and his escort, after much hand-shaking and many "God speeds."

We were met by a smaller escort sent by Kaid Mohammed bel Kadour, into whose jurisdiction we had now come. Leaving the valley of the Yenouin, we branched slightly to the north, over a monotonous succession of round brown hills. Our midday halt was made near the little village of Ain Geddar, or the well of the k'skessoo bowl, situated under a curious sugar-loaf hill. The well from which it takes its name contains excellent water, a rarity in this part of the country, where many of the streams are brackish.

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I had hitherto been much struck by the total absence of stones and rock; nothing but the brown clay, without a single break, had been visible since I left Fez. Soon after passing Ain Geddar, I noticed some rock cropping out on one of the hill-tops. The strata were of limestone, and cropped out perpendicularly, running east and west.

CHAPTER XI.

Kassbar of Kaid Mohammed bel Kadour—The effects of mona—“Plenty cross”—Great demand for Seidlitz—My experience as a Mohammedan—A treat—Frost—El Haddood—Legend of the Black Rock—A fertile valley—A bad road—A mishap—Kassbar of Kaid Haddy—A horse-stealer—Kaid Haddy's trouble—Moorish harness—Kassbar of Kaid Mourchtar—Further effects of mona.

IT was past sunset when we arrived at the kassbar of Kaid Mohammed bel Kadour. The village was a much larger one than that of Kaid Jellally, containing about 150 houses, but the kassbar was of much the same class, a number of low huts surrounding a yard. I was offered the use

of one of these buildings, but, bearing in mind my experiences at the comparatively clean *kassbar* of Habbassy, I magnanimously gave up the room to my men and stuck to the tent myself.

Soon after we had settled down, Boomgrais brought one of the muleteers to me, saying that he was suffering from fever, and wanted some of the drink that "makes me go so," giving a spirited imitation of a man under the influence of a Seidlitz powder. Since I had cured him of his fever, he had never ceased to laud my power as a doctor. "You one tabeef too much good," he told me on every possible occasion.¹ The muleteer was soon afterwards followed by Abd Salam, who complained of a stomach-ache, and by Kaid Mohammed, who felt "plenty cross." Of

¹ *Bizaff*, which means plenty, too much, is commonly used in the sense of "very" by the Moors; for example: "El mah *bizaff*," too much water; "el flus *bizaff*," plenty of money; "mizian *bizaff*," very good.

course the mona was at the bottom of the mischief. If thirteen people try to eat two sheep, twenty-four fowls, one hundred eggs, and three or four basins of k'skessoo daily, they ought to think themselves very lucky if they do not feel any worse symptoms than crossness. What a trade our doctors would drive if this was recognised as a disease, about which it was imperative to consult a physician. Kaid Mohammed bel Kadour was also ill, but not having heard of my fame as a doctor, he did not apply for medicine. He sent his apologies for not receiving me personally, and an abundant mona.

One frequently reads accounts of the manner in which Christian travellers are pestered for medicines, and it is generally supposed that Christians are thought by barbarous nations to possess wonderful powers of healing. Some writers go so far as to say that we are credited with retaining some of the

miraculous powers of the Founder of our faith. I am inclined to think that our civilisation rather than our Christianity is the cause of their belief in us. I remember, during my last visit to Marocco, I had once occasion to pass the night in a very out-of-the-way village, in which the mosque was considered by my men to be the only safe resting-place. For a Christian to sleep in a mosque was of course impossible; so as I did not know enough of the language to pass as a Moor, I gave myself out as a Turkish gentleman on a visit to the Sultan. This device succeeded admirably. I slept in the mosque, and was treated with the greatest hospitality, but I was never so pestered by patients in my life. While travelling as a Christian, a few people in each village had asked for medicine, but on this occasion the whole population appeared to want relief.

While thinking of some means of utilising

our superabundant supply of provisions, I hit upon a dish which I can thoroughly recommend to epicures, viz. chickens' livers rolled in bacon and toasted on a skewer. I do not know whether I may claim the honour of its invention, but if not, I am sure its author can never wish to keep so excellent a dish a secret from his fellow men. But for Boomgrais, I should never have had a chance of trying it, for I should never have thought of taking bacon into a Mohammedan country. However, one day at Tangier, Boomgrais said he should like to buy some halloof (wild boar), and as I knew that A. was fond of new experiences, I consented. The result was a piece of bacon. Possibly Boomgrais did not know the proper word for bacon, but I am inclined to think that he used the word halloof as a sort of compromise with his conscience, for although pig is recognised as forbidden food by all,

many of the lower-class Moors consider wild boar to be lawful food.

We had now reached some 3,000 feet above the level of the sea. The nights and mornings were bitterly cold. There was generally a touch of frost. One morning I found my toothbrush frozen to the bottom of my glass. After a hot day's ride, we found the sudden chill at sunset very trying.

On the following morning we were accompanied by the kaid's son and a small escort as far as the little river Cidy Marhoff, which divides Hianna from the province of 'Dsool. As the people of these provinces are perpetually at war with each other, our escort did not dare accompany us into the 'Dsool country. We were thus left unprotected. The spot on which they parted from us is known by the name of El Haddood. It has been the scene of frequent skirmishes between the hostile tribes. The emhalla or

camp of the Sultan was also established here for some time, during the late expedition against the Ghraiatza people.

In the centre of the valley is a solitary rock some fifty feet high, known as El Hajera el K'hallah, or the black rock. There is a legend in connection with this spot, that a long time ago a Sultan was encamped here, on his way to "eat up" the province of 'Dsool. One day there came to him a certain holy man leading a black cow, which he sacrificed before the Sultan as a propitiatory offering.¹ The Sultan refusing to be pacified, there issued forth in the night a stream of water from the rock, on which the cow had died. This, inundating the whole plain, drove the Sultan to seek refuge among the hills of Hianna, and 'Dsool was saved from his persecutions.

¹ Sir J. D. Hay relates a story of a young girl having been sacrificed in this manner. (Hay's *Western Barbary*.)

Leaving the valley, we soon entered a steep gorge running into the valley of the Yenouin. This was the most populous and fertile district I had seen since I left Fez. The steep sides of the ravine were cultivated, and dotted with huts, reminding one of a flourishing Swiss valley. Yet this soil is precisely the same as that over which I had been passing, and, as far as I could see, there is no reason why every inch of the ground between Fez and the river Mooloorea should not be in as flourishing a condition as this valley.

The sides of the valley were extremely steep and slippery, and as the only attempt at a road was a sheep-track, about twelve inches wide, I was in momentary expectation of my mule rolling down the side of the hill. This did happen to the pack beast that Abd Salam was riding. He managed to throw himself off, but I had the satisfaction of

seeing the two boxes containing the groceries and kitchen utensils rolling down the slope. Luckily no serious damage was done to horse or boxes. In wet weather I should say that this part of the country would be absolutely impassable for horses. The gorge ended in a high pass, from the other side of which springs the ravine of the Wed Lekhal, another tributary of the Yenouin.

On the south west side of the ravine was perched the *kassbar* of Kaid Haddy 'Dsooly our halting-place for the night. A more wild-looking spot it is impossible to imagine. It appeared far more fitted for the hut of some Swiss shepherd or chamois hunter than the seat of government of a province. Unlike the *kassbars* of Hianna, it was built of a soft yellow limestone, and roofed with the same material. It was placed on the edge of the nearly perpendicular ravine overlooking a descent of about 1,500 feet into the valley

below. Surrounded on all sides by steep yellow hills, scarcely relieved by any vegetation, and cut into deep ravines by the torrents which course down their sides, the scene had a sort of savage grandeur which was peculiarly its own, but which was hardly pleasing to the eye. Some of the distant views, in which the cold yellow is toned down to blue, are pretty enough, but the near ones are rarely so.

Kaid Haddy, who seemed very proud of his mountain home, took me to the top of a neighbouring hill, from which a very fine view was to be obtained to the south and east, over the Ghraiatsa range. He was very much puzzled at seeing me take the bearings with my compass. At first he thought it was a maganna (watch), but a closer inspection proving that this was not the case, he became hopelessly puzzled, nor was I able to enlighten him much. He was pointing out a certain hill called N'zararny,

or the Christian, when Kaid Mohammed whispered to him to say "Roomy," or Roman, so as not to hurt my feelings. "Roomy" it was accordingly called. As it is named after some ruins on its summit, this is probably the more correct designation. Shortly afterwards he was showing me a pistol of English manufacture, which he possessed; remembering his lesson, this was also said to be Roomy. Seeing me use a pencil, after some fumbling in his eschkara, he produced a bit of pencil-end, which he held up with great pride, as much as to say, "Don't think you Christians have all the scientific inventions to yourselves."

A strong east wind was blowing, and in this exposed spot I found the tent very cold and uncomfortable. In the night I heard two shots fired in succession, near my tent. I was so accustomed to hear firing at all hours that I took but little notice of it. In

the morning I was told that a man had been caught trying to steal our horses. He had been fired at by one of Kaid Haddy's men. He was found near the kassbar in the morning with his thigh broken.

Just as we were leaving, the kaid called me aside, saying that he wished to consult me on an important subject. He then confided to me that he was greatly in need of aphrodisiacs, and asked me to prescribe for him. He was a poor old man of nearly ninety, with sunken eyes and toothless jaws, and I felt bound to tell him that I considered the case almost beyond human aid. It was the will of God, I said, but I would do what I could for him. I was sorry for the old man, and would gladly have helped him, but my medicine chest, having been made up, for my own use, unfortunately contained none of the medicine which he required. However, I prescribed

a few such simple remedies as were to be obtained in his own home.

The old kaid was too feeble to accompany us himself, but sent his son as far as the boundaries of his district. The first part of our route lay in a south-easterly direction, down the ravine of the Lekhal, a road fully as difficult and precipitous as that of the previous day. Then, entering a broad cultivated valley, we bore more to the east.

We were delayed for some time by the harness of both the two riding mules giving way. The cause was a small grip which had to be jumped. The unusual strain caused the breeching and girths of both beasts to part. The Moors certainly have not learnt the truth of the maxim that the strength of a chain lies in its weakest link. The harness looks as if it were made to drag heavy artillery. The breaching of a riding mule is certainly as thick and heavy

as ordinary cart traces, the girth and breast-plate are in proportion, yet if once it is broken, a few strands of pack-thread are considered quite strong enough to hold it together. This was the cause of endless delays. Nearly every day, and sometimes twice or thrice in a day, some of the harness would give way, in spite of its apparent strength, and twenty minutes to half an hour had to be wasted while it was being repaired.

We halted for lunch under the kassbar of Kaid Mourchtar, a solitary building, perched far above us on the mountain-side. Although it was barely noon, Kaid Mohammed was very anxious to stop here, declaring that, with the country in such a disturbed state, it was most imprudent to go on without an escort; the fact of the matter being that he wished to stop at as many kassbars as possible, for the sake of the mona, a large

portion of which he undoubtedly sold. When I accused him of this, he was of course very indignant, but as I had seen him receive money from the villagers, I think there was no doubt about the truth of the accusation. I also noticed that a mule which he had bought ostensibly to carry his small tent and luggage, which consisted of a brass tray and a tea-pot, was still heavily laden, although the tent and tea-service had been transferred to one of my animals. This system of giving mona, although of course a great boon in a country where provisions could not be bought for any sum of money, is also a great hindrance for the reason I have just mentioned. So much more is given than it is possible to eat that one's servants are certain to sell it. This being the case, they are naturally anxious to stop as often as possible. In addition to this, they over-eat themselves to such an extent

that they all become lazy and good-for-nothing. Kaid Maclean had warned me of this difficulty, and had advised me to serve out a sufficient quantity and keep the rest myself. I found this impossible to carry out in practice. I could not make a bonfire and burn the surplus, and my four baggage animals were already fully laden. How could I carry off 190 pounds of sugar, twenty-six sheep, 150 fowls, and 1,000 eggs, not to mention candles, tea, &c., the amount I had given me between Fez and the Algerian frontier?

The question of the escort was soon settled by my sending Boostar up to the kassbar with a request that the kaid would send me one. Ibrahim was also sent on to Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel of Meknessa, warning him of our approach.

CHAPTER XII.

Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel—Raid of the Ghraiatsa—Use of a wife—Meknessa, of the Wed Haddar—"He speaks Arabic"—Art critics—A fight—Good fellowship between classes—K'skessoo—"Like brothers"—A good shot—Village dogs—Report of the scouts—Meknessa of the Wed Errbar—An armed population—Amazons—A cruel spur—Kassbar del Amry—Boomgraisese—Algerian refugees.

A COUPLE of hours' ride brought us to the valley of the Wed Haddar, on the banks of which we found Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel awaiting us. He had with him an escort of fifty horse and the same number of foot. They were drawn up on each side of the road in very fair line. The kaid was sitting on horseback between the two lines.

Advancing to meet me, he bid me a hearty welcome, and apologised for the smallness of the escort with which he had met me. Most of his men, he said, were out fighting, but he had sent orders to collect three hundred, to line the hills along the route which I should have to pass on the morrow, to give warning of any approach of the Ghraiatsa people. They had been very troublesome of late. Only the day before they had made a raid on one of his villages, and carried off sixty head of cattle and some sheep. Many of his men were now lying wounded in the town, amongst them his own son, who had only a fortnight back received a bullet in his thigh.

On my expressing a wish to take part in a fight, if his scouts brought in any news of the Ghraiatsa, he laughed, but, shaking his head, said that he had too much respect for it to let me risk my life in that manner.

He was a portly, jovial man, and had a greater air of wealth and prosperity than any one I had met since leaving Fez. He wanted to know what had induced me to make the journey. I replied that, having visited the greater part of Marocco myself, I was anxious to show that favoured region to my wife, and, wishing her to see the best of everything, I thought I could not do better than bring her to the district ruled over by Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel.

A. furnished me with a convenient answer to many awkward questions, for our ways are so different from those of the Moors, and our whole lines of thought so utterly at variance, that the simple truth would be generally regarded as a barefaced lie, or, if believed, cause endless obstacles to be put in one's way. I am inclined to think that the success of my journey was in a great measure due to the fact of my being accompanied

by a woman. To begin with, it prevented it assuming too business-like an aspect, which might have caused failure, both by the interference of natives and Europeans. I was warned at Tangier not to speak of my intentions, lest the ministers of other European powers should take it into their heads to object, and warn the authorities at Fez against me. Although I kept the strictest silence on the subject myself, the object of my journey soon leaked out at Tangier, and the foreign ministers must have known all about it, but what diplomatist, however suspicious, could suspect such an innocent-looking newly married couple of any serious designs. Another advantage was the privacy which it secured me. At Fez especially, where I was anxious not to be seen drawing or writing, it was a great advantage to be left in peace. Travelling as a bachelor, this is impossible, as I had found to my cost;

on my former journey. The Moor has no idea of privacy ; he eats, drinks, sleeps, prays, washes, and does everything in public, and, if he has several wives, is frequently not even alone at times when we should think it imperative to be so. I was told that the robbers of the wild district through which I was passing would generally respect a party which was accompanied by a woman. As we were never attacked, at all events I cannot say that this is untrue.

Our escort was composed of just the same sort of wild-looking fellows that I have described as accompanying us through Hianna. They seemed rather more under discipline, however, and rode on each side of us with some show of order.

Meknessa, although shown as a town of some size on the maps, is only a large village. Like all the others I had lately passed, it is composed of single-storied huts

of stone. The population is probably rather under than over a thousand. It is situated on a high bank, formed by the overflow of the Wed Haddar. We were put up, as usual, in the yard of the *kassbar*.

As there was still a little daylight left, I went out, accompanied by my own soldiers and half a dozen of the kaid's, to make a sketch of the village. The natives, hearing that the Wizeer Engleez, as they called me, was on view, trooped after me by hundreds, and the most brisk competition went on for a first place. They quite appreciated what I was doing, and if any new-comer crossed my line of view, he was hailed with shouts, and run out by the soldiers in much the same sort of way that our own men run off any unfortunate civilian who ventures to pass between the sections of fours on a march. I had been sketching quietly for some time, and many of them had not heard

me speak. Suddenly I asked some question in Arabic, when there was a murmur of "E araf el Arbeea!" (He speaks Arabic) "Oollah!" (By God!) They could make out very little of the sketch. Here and there they recognised some prominent feature, but most of it seemed hopeless confusion to them. It was rather trying when one fancied that one had made an exact facsimile of nature to be asked, "What is that?" "Why do you put that there?" and such like questions. The Moors, as a rule, have great difficulty in reading our pictures. Sir John Hay had kindly forwarded a *Punch* and some illustrated papers to me at Fez. A Moorish friend, a very well educated and intelligent man, happened to see them and immediately took them up. It was most amusing to see the childish glee with which he pointed to the delineation of some unmistakably human figure, and,

looking up to receive the applause which his cleverness merited, said, "That is a man."

I was amused here by a fight between two village boys. Their tactics consisted in simply butting against each other's heads, like a pair of he-goats. Their heads would come together with a most alarming crash, but they did not seem to do each other much harm. The skulls of these country people must be of an astonishing thickness to bear the rays of the African sun on their closely shaven heads. Although the better class of Moors and the townsfolk wear enormous turbans, which would keep off any sun, the country people rarely wear anything on their heads but a piece of twisted cord, which is, I believe, intended as a sign that they are true believers. Such a thing as a tarbush or Fez cap is unknown in this part of the country. Even slippers were rather scarce, and more than

half the population wore straw sandals. This great thickness of skull makes the Moor an awkward adversary in a hand-to-hand fight, as, like the negro, he will bear an almost unlimited amount of knocking about the head. They are not very pleasant customers either at a few yards' distance, even if unarmed with guns. They are unerring shots with sticks and stones. I have several times seen a Moorish boy bring down a bird on the wing with a stone; a feat which not many of them can perform with a rifle.

In the evening, going into my servants' room to give some orders for the morrow, I found Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel seated in their midst, chattering away as amiably as if he were some poor mule-driver, instead of the kaid of an important district, with power of life and death over some five thousand souls. This goodfellowship between all classes is a very curious trait in the

character of these people. A kaid or basha may murder or torture his subjects, may be a cruel tyrant, or an unrelenting extortioner, that is all in the way of business, but, when not engaged in cutting their throats or emptying their pockets, will chat with them on terms of the utmost equality. An English labourer is far less at his ease in the presence of the "squire" than his Moorish brother is with a man who has absolute power over himself and his family. This is chiefly accounted for by the fact that the whole aristocracy of the country is concentrated in the person of the Sultan.. There is no such thing as one man being born better than another. A man may be a slave to-day, a Wizeer to-morrow, a Sultan's son may be a beggar.¹ In this respect

¹ At the lowest computation the Sultan can hardly have less than one hundred children a year. Allowing him an average life, this would give an army of princes which

Marocco, the most absolute monarchy in the world, has arrived nearer the idea of perfect equality and fraternity than any republic.

As Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel did not think the company beneath him, I thought it was surely good enough for me; so I joined the party. Presently a bowl of k'skessoc was brought in, and we set to work. To eat this neatly in the Moorish fashion requires a good deal of practice. A small quantity is taken in the right hand and gently shaken till it takes the form of a ball, the thumb is then inserted under this, and the pellet is conveyed to the mouth, in the hollow between the root of the thumb

it would be impossible to bring up as befits their rank. I myself have seen the grandson of a Sultan who is a common soldier, and the children of one of the richest men in the empire running in rags about the streets.

and forefinger. The difficulty is to make the balls, as the k'skessoo is formed of grains, which, like well-boiled rice, have very little cohesion with each other. I suppose I was rather clumsy, for after I had taken a few mouthfuls, the kaid did me the honour of rolling some balls in his own hands, and feeding me like a baby. After we had done, he assured me that, having eaten out of the same dish, we were now like brothers. This expression is always exemplified by placing the two forefingers side by side and rubbing them gently against each other. Enmity is expressed by sliding the two forefingers sharply apart. There are many signs of this sort, which invariably accompany certain expressions, and which, in order to pass for a native, it would be quite as necessary to learn as the spoken language.

I found the people here very inquisitive,

more so, indeed, than at any other place on the road. While we were discussing our coffee after dinner, I noticed three or four pairs of bright objects just under the curtain of the tent. "What are those?" I asked of A. "Only dogs," she said, and, taking an excellent shot with my slipper, landed it exactly between two of the bright spots. The sounds which followed proved that the eyes belonged to some of the human portion of the population. The dogs in all the villages were a great nuisance. If they had confined themselves to sticking their heads in at the tent door while we were at dinner, I should not have minded, although that was rather startling at first. Not content with that, however, they stationed themselves outside when dinner was over, and, quite forgetful of any scraps I might have thrown them, tried to prey upon my naked legs if I attempted to leave the tent.

We had to wait in the morning until the scouts came in to give their report on the safety of the country. We were both of us rather disappointed to hear that the enemy was not in sight. I wanted to see some Moorish fighting, and A. was burning to let off her pistols at a nobler game than empty bottles and marks on walls. Looking at it calmly now, I am inclined to think it was lucky they were not upon the war-path. Although we might have had a fair enough fight near the town itself, we should have stood a very poor chance had we been attacked *en route*. Our small escort would have been absolutely powerless against the swarms in which they always make their raids.

Our course lay in a north-easterly direction, up the valley of the Wed Wourtzo, and past the kooba of Cidy Aly Lebhal and Cidy Zooarny, over a high pass down into the valley of the Wed Errbar.

On a bend of the stream is placed another town of the name of Meknessa (Meknessa Wed Errbar). Like its namesake, it is built upon a high bank. In the valley below the town an Arbar (Wednesday market) was being held. At a little distance I thought that it was an army halted, so many guns were glittering in the sun. It was a strange sight to see hundreds of people, peaceably buying and selling, all armed with a long gun and a dagger. Not a soul here goes unarmed. The ploughman, who at home is taken almost as the emblem of peace, here follows his team of oxen with a gun slung over his back and a sword at his side. The shepherd watches his flock sitting on some rock and nursing his gun on his knees. Even the whips which they carry to drive the cattle are formidable weapons. In shape they are something like a hunting crop, but the hook is formed of

a sharp steel dagger. I saw children of ten carrying guns, and even a few women. This is not so uncommon a sight as may be imagined. In some parts of Marocco the women regularly go to battle with the men, carrying arms, and fighting with the best. The women of the tribe of Benimtare, near Mekenes, go to battle with the men, but instead of guns they carry a bunch of feathers and a pot of henna. Any unfortunate male showing a wish to turn and fight another day is promptly seized and daubed with the dye. A man so disfigured never dare show his face among the tribe again.

We were delayed for some time at the market by the crowds who swarmed round Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel, kissing his hand and knee.

The man whose business it was to drive along A.'s mule had been so lazy that I had

given her a Moorish spur to encourage her beast, forgetting to warn her that it must be scraped along the side, by a turn of the heel, and not dug in like an English one. On dismounting I found the unfortunate beast's side streaming with blood. On examination it proved that A. had driven the sharp point in nearly to the flange, and there was a hole into which I could put my finger. However, the beast did not seem to mind, and the men were all delighted at the signora's strength.

Leaving Meknessa, we went up the valley of the Wed Errbar. On the east slope are some rather extensive ruins, known as the Kassbar del Amry. They are said to contain a large leaden cistern, which shows that some former owner of the kassbar must have been far more civilised than any one who is to be found near it now-a-days. This fact was explained to me by Boomgrais as follows :—

"De' water cummen dare for dat horse,²
 puttem one bullet like de teapot kebeer kebeer.³ Now de manness⁴ commen de fas,⁵
 puttem de bullett for de gunness."⁶ Accus-
 tomed as I was to his language, I confess
 that this posed me for a minute, till I re-
 membered that the Arabic word *rhafeef*,
 meaning "light," is, on the *lucus a non lu-
 cendo* principle, used to designate both
 lead and the bullets which are made of it.
 This of course gave the key to the whole
 mystery.

Soon after leaving the market, we met a party of Algerian refugees, of the Oolad Cidy Sheikh tribe, who are at present fighting with the French. I was told that great numbers of them emigrate to Marocco, where

² Although *th* is an Arabic sound, it is not pronounced by the common Moors.

³ House.

⁴ Big-big.

⁵ Men.

⁶ Hoe ; spades are not used.

⁶ Guns.

they are received with open arms, and generally given a plot of land, a few cows, and a wife, apiece.

About three miles farther on, close to a place called Ain Baida, I noticed some rock-salt cropping out of the hillside.

CHAPTER XIII.

Cidy Moojarrhed—Tsarsa—Rholf's description of it—"Is he a Christian?"—A native hut—Unpleasant curiosity—"Curious old"—A spy's fate—A domestic horse—Friends or foes?—Kassbar M'zoon—Gimbeeb and his ways—A modest request—The plain of Hooarah—An amateur detective—Mulay Semaiem—His supernatural assistants.

OUR halt for the night took place near the kooba of Cidy Moojarrhed, round which is a small scattered village. A magnificent view was obtained from this spot, both to the north and south; and I was able to get a better idea of the general configuration of the country than I had hitherto done. Below us lay the lowlands of El Farharma, on the far side of which, about ten miles

distant, was the little town of Tsarsa. This was the furthest point reached by Rohlfs, in this direction. It was some satisfaction to know that I was now to enter virgin ground.¹ Rohlfs, who, having been there, ought to know, says that it is situated on the side of a mountain, but I should rather say that it was at the foot of one. I got a very good view of it through a powerful glass, and it appeared to me that its situation was very similar to that of the two Meknessas, viz. on the high bank formed by a bend of the river. I was informed by an inhabitant of Tsarsa that the town was rather larger than Tangier, but I doubt its being as large. This man was of great use in naming all the mountains and points of interest in the neighbourhood. In the

¹ Although Tsarsa had been visited by Rohlfs, he took a more northerly route than I had done, and did not pass through Meknessa or Hianna.

evening I happened to ask him for some further information, and was much surprised to find that he was able to recognise all the neighbouring mountains from a very rough outline sketch which I had made.

Contrary to my expectations, I received the utmost assistance throughout from the natives in making my route map. I had been so constantly cautioned by Europeans against any attempt to take notes that I expected at all events to experience some difficulty in acquiring information. I found on the contrary that it was volunteered with the greatest readiness, the kais of the districts through which I passed, as well as any casual natives who joined us from time to time, invariably halting to point out and name anything which they thought would interest me, and, in case I omitted to do so, telling me to "put it in the book."

While I was being shown the beauties of

the neighbourhood by my friend the Tsarsi, he was accosted by a villager, who wished to know all about me. "Is he a Christian?" he asked. "No," replied my guide, sharply, much annoyed at having such an imputation thrown upon one of his friends; "he is an English minister."

While our tents were being pitched, we were invited into one of the native huts. It was a low stone building, wholly devoid of furniture, and divided in two by a rough net, against the far side of which was piled a store of firewood and rubbish. Half a dozen women, as many youths, and a goat were huddled round a small fire, which one of the women kept replenishing from time to time with a handful of reeds. Most of the women were engaged in suckling babies, and one was making k'skessoo. They at once made room for us round the fire, and placed some baskets for us to sit on. The first

question of course was, had we got a boy. Having satisfied their curiosity on this point, they began importuning A. to expose her face. I pretended to be dreadfully shocked at such an indecent proposal, and asked how they could think of such a thing before all those men, but I had to relent at last. However, one must draw the line somewhere, and I had to draw it sharply when, not content with a critical examination of A.'s face, they attempted to carry their researches further. Baffled in their attempts on the more interesting of the pair, they turned their attention to me with such persistence that, like a second Joseph, I had to guard my modesty by flight.

This village was commanded by one of Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel's sheikhs. As we were accompanied by the great man himself, we were of course received with all possible honour. The best of everything was

at our disposal. Among the offerings was a jar of smin or rancid butter, which, the sheikh proudly informed us, had been kept four years. This he said in much the same sort of way that an old English gentleman would tell one the vintage of his port or claret.

I have a fairly strong stomach as a rule, but I confess this compound beat me. Yet my men rolled it into lumps the size of a walnut, and swallowed it with the greatest avidity, without even a crust of bread to soften the flavour.

Some excitement was caused in the evening by the capture of a Ghraiatsa man. He had been rash enough to venture into the village as a spy, but being recognised by some of our escort, he left it as a corpse.

I again joined in a friendly bowl of k'skessoo with Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel. While we were all sitting round it, appar-

ently in a very ordinary room, on a gorgeous carpet, I was startled to hear a neigh close to my ear, and, looking up, saw that the kaid's horse had joined the party. On inquiry it turned out that he shared the room with his master. I imagine that this was considered rather unusual even in this funny country, as many little jokes were flying round, about asking him to take a seat, have a cup of tea, &c., and the boy soldier Ibrahim caused roars of laughter by offering him a pipe of keef to smoke.

In the morning we left the hill region, descending first into the low watershed of the S'boo and Mooloorea rivers, and then into the valley of the M'zoon. Soon after leaving the village, a fine jackal ran across the track about twenty yards in front of us. Boomgrais, who was carrying my gun, was unfortunately lagging behind, so I did not get a shot. I always kept one barrel loaded

with shot and one with ball, or, as Boomgrais put it, "Dis one for de manness, dis one for de hajel,"¹ but although we got plenty of partridges, I never had occasion to fire the ball cartridge.

We were just entering the valley of the M'zoon when I noticed a cloud of horsemen in the distance. "What are they?" I asked of our kaid; "friends or foes?" "God will show," he replied, cocking his gun. His example was followed by Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel and the escort. We had barely time to make our preparations; Abd Salam, all eager for the fray, to push his old one-eyed pack-horse to the front, A. to unbuckle her holsters and cock her pistols, I to look at my watch and note the time, in case of a halt, when the troop was upon us. They certainly looked anything but peaceable, charging straight at us at full speed,

¹ Partridge.

with their long guns pointed straight in our faces. Not a soul knew what they really were, and they were of course equally ignorant about us. Suddenly they recognised the portly figure of Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel, and, drawing rein, salutations became the order of the day.

A little before noon we arrived at the Kassbar M'zoon on the river of that name, the chief seat of government of the Hooarah tribe. This was a far more pretentious building than anything I had seen on the present journey. It is a square fort with faces about 300 yards in length, with strong walls of tapeea^{*} about twenty feet in height. The corners and the centre of each face is surmounted by a square tower. Within the inclosure is the kaid's house, and

* A composition of mud and gravel, which is formed into blocks by being poured, while liquid, into wooden moulds.

accommodation for men and horses. Outside the *kassbar*, a *Khramees* or Thursday market was being held.

One of the natives, hearing of our destination, urged us very strongly to wait till the morrow, as he said that a robber of the name of Gimbeeb had descended from the mountains that morning, and was lying in wait upon the plain for the people returning from the market. Kaid Mohammed, however, had reason to believe that our informant was one of Gimbeeb's own men, and wished to delay us, in order that he might give warning of our approach to his master. It appears that this is a very favourite trick of this gentleman; he and his men being regular attendants at the country markets, where they obtain information about any caravan or other spoil which may be passing their way. It is said that Gimbeeb sometimes ventures into Tsarsa itself, dis-

guised as a beggar, and sitting in the market-place, huddled up in his haik, gains much useful information from snatches of conversation which he hears. From all accounts he is a very enterprising robber. Stories of his atrocities were told me even by the natives of the Hianna district. Here every other man seems to have suffered in some way from his depredations. During the Sultan's late expedition to this country, a message was sent to Gimbeeb to the effect that, if he would surrender and crave the Sultan's pardon, all would be forgiven. "Who is this man," he replied, "who sends such messages to me? I only know of one Sultan; his name is Gimbeeb."

At the Kassbar M'zoon we had to part with Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel, who had already accompanied us beyond his own territory. Wishing to make some return for all his kindness, I told him that all my things

were his, and that he had only to choose what he liked best. After the usual flow of compliments, he replied that he should like a few Seidlitz powders to give his wives.

We now entered a sterile, stony plain, on which a few low shrubs and bunches of sheikh were scattered. On this scant fare countless herds of sheep seemed to find a livelihood.

We were accompanied by the khraleefa, a most energetic old man, who amused himself on the journey by doing a little detective business. It appeared that a jellabeer had been stolen from one of his people at the market. He was determined, he said, to find the jellabeer, and bring the thief to justice. Everybody within view was searched and cross-questioned. Here he would espy a few shepherds tending their flocks on the sky-line, and off he would gallop at full speed, joining us again in half

an hour, empty-handed, but more determined than ever. Then he would dash upon some dooar lying near the road, charging at it as if he wished to scatter it to the winds, flourishing his long gun the while, until he arrived to within a few yards of the tents, when he would suddenly level it at the heads of the villagers. Now some old woman driving her donkey from the market was borne down upon and cross-examined; now a caravan, evidently coming from the east; but it was all of no avail, and unless some more experienced detective has been put upon his track, I fear the wicked thief is still laughing in the sleeves of the stolen jellabeer.

After the long drought, all the smaller rivers were dry, and as we heard that no water was to be obtained at the dooar where we intended to pass the night, we halted to water the beasts at an ejeeboob or watering-

place. This consisted of three large underground tanks, which were said to be supplied with water from the mountains by a subterranean aqueduct. Like the Kassbar M'zoon, this watering-place was the work of Mulay Semaiem. Indeed, a large proportion of the public works of Marocco appear to have been built by him. He is commonly supposed to have worked by the aid of jenoon.¹ In proof of this, some large monolithic pillars are pointed out at Mekenes, which are said to have been thrown down by his spiritual assistants on the day of his death. Whether this is the case or not, it is certain that no unassisted Moor has been able to put them up again. Just outside New Fez is the commencement of a paved road, with low walls, which he intended to carry to Marakish, so that, as he said, a blind man might walk unassisted from

¹ Plural of jin.

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one capital to the other. A story is told illustrative of his patience. He was engaged in "eating up" a certain tribe, and so thoroughly did he do it, and so long did he stay, that on his at length moving it was discovered that the tent pegs had all taken root. A forest now marks the spot.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Hooarah Arabs—A mosque tent—A cold reception—
A mistake—A Moor's opinion of the French—A hero—
The Moolooeta—Cidy Mohammed bel Hoosaien—
Boostar keeps his hand in—Kassbar Zaar—Colony of
Jews—My value—Metamors—Man-cowlies—Benibooz-
goozoo—Traces of the Sultan's camp—Bashyroomsōd
—Story of his capture—The Sultan's expedition.

OUR evening halt was made at a dooar of the Hooarah tribe. These Arabs are purely nomadic, rarely remaining for more than a few days at one spot. The doouar, unlike those of the tribes of El Ghrarb, are pitched in a circle without any fence or protection. Although they plant a little grain, it is on their sheep and camels that they are really dependent. The latter especially, in times

of need, supply all their wants. They and their tents are carried by them from place to place; they drink their milk, and, if the harvest fails, eat their flesh. Clothing is made from their hair, and their skins, thrown over the tents, protect them both from heat and cold.

The scene was a very picturesque one. The sun was just setting, and threw a lovely pink light over the distant mountains to the south-west. Before us was the great plain dotted with encampments, whose fires were now just visible in the growing darkness; around us the circle of striped tents, in front of which blazed comfortable camp fires, surrounded by groups of wild-looking Arabs. In the centre of the circle was the mosque tent, in which numbers of men were alternately standing and prostrating themselves, keeping up the while a monotonous chant, for it was the hour of evening prayer.

My men had begun pitching my tent exactly opposite the mosque, for, besides being, I am afraid, rather lax Moslems, they had a great idea of my importance, and my right to do exactly what I chose. However, knowing how much these people dislike our looking into their mosques, I ordered it to be moved some fifty yards, and its door turned the other way. I must confess that this did not prevent my taking a good look at the worshippers through a small hole in the tent wall.

I had been received with so much kindness throughout my journey that I was surprised at getting a very cold reception from Kaid Aly el Hammar, whose headquarters this was. On his being introduced to me by Kaid Mohammed, he stared sullenly at me without making the slightest sign of welcome. Kaid Mohammed, noticing this, whispered to him to salute me, upon which he made a very reluctant obeisance. "Say

‘Mah habbabek!’” said Kaid Mohammed; and the words were repeated in the same sort of tone that a naughty child uses when made to say something civil against its will. In the evening, when the mona was brought for my inspection, I was astonished to see Kaid Aly entering my tent all smiles and cordiality. It seemed that he had at first been labouring under the delusion that I was a Frenchman. Even the Sultan’s letter, he said, could not make him welcome one of them. He knew too well how they treated his fellow Mohammedans in Algeria, and how they would treat him and his own people if they got the chance.

We had made about half an hour’s journey from the dooar on the following morning when I heard a clattering of hoofs in our rear, and was shortly afterwards greeted with a hearty “Salaam alikoom!” The speaker was Kaid Taieeb, one of the five kais of

Hooarah, who, hearing that I was in the neighbourhood, had come to see me. He was a thin, muscular man, with a dark, handsome face of a thoroughly Arab type, and possessing none of that thickness of feature which the intermixture of negro blood gives to so many Moors. He was mounted upon a beautiful little black Barb, wanting an ear, which had been lost in a hand to hand encounter with Gimbeeb. Kaid Taieeb was by far the most energetic Moor I had come across. There was a quickness and force in his words, and a smartness about his movements, which was quite startling after the slow utterances and measured paces to which I had been accustomed. I noticed also that he wore socks, and carried a double-barrelled gun. He was said to be a great fire-eater, and had been the means of saving the Sultan's life during his expedition against the Ghraiatsas.

These people had completely routed the Shereefian forces. The Sultan's horse had been shot under him, and he was running off the field of battle barefooted, for he had lost his slippers. One of the enemy, seeing him, galloped up, and was just aiming a blow at his head with a sword, when he was killed by Kaid Taieeb, who then dismounted and gave his own horse to the Sultan. His reward was a beautiful horse and accoutrements, which, although no doubt a valuable present, hardly seems in proportion to the services he had rendered.

We saw great numbers of gazelles feeding on the plain, and Boostar, who was very well mounted, managed to get within shot of one, but his gun unfortunately missed fire. We also saw a number of rad, as the Moors call the lesser bustard, and Kaid Taieeb bowled over a hare very neatly from his horse. His curiosity was greatly excited

by my gun and pistols. . After a critical examination of them, he brought out his own pistol to show me ; his example was followed by Kaid Aly and the khraleefa. After praising them all (they really were of beautiful workmanship), I was asked to decide which was the best. I gave my verdict in favour of the khraleefa, whereupon the old man gave a wild shout of triumph, threw his gun into the air, and, putting spurs to his horse, disappeared over the sky-line. By and by he reappeared, crowing like a child, and for the rest of the day, at short intervals, kept reminding his companions of my decision.

After again crossing the Wed M'zoon we came to the Mooloorea, the future boundary of Algeria, according to French ideas. At this point it was some 200 yards wide, but quite shallow. I should not imagine that it ever reached any great depth. I noticed that the limestone which I had

hitherto seen was here replaced at the bed of the stream by conglomerate. On the plain I had seen a few scoriæ lying about. The river, where we passed it, was surrounded by a thick reed brake, which is said to abound in boar. About a mile beyond the village, we halted at the dooar of the Shereef Cidy Mohammed bel Hoosaien, or, to give him his full title, Cidy Mohammed bel Hoosaien el Alhowy Semaieeny le nazil fil Mooloorea. Near the village is situated the kooba of his father, Abdulla bel Hoosaien, which was erected by order of the present Sultan. The present shereef is greatly respected by the lawless tribes of the neighbourhood, acting as arbitrator in all their quarrels. It is said that, although living among a population of cattle-lifters, he has never so much as lost a sheep whilst he has been amongst them. He gave me a princely mona, and even

offered me a horse or a cow "to take back to England." Fancy facing the Folkestone cads, on landing on our native strand, with a cow in tow.

Although a very old man, the shereef was kind enough to accompany me throughout my next day's journey. Without his powerful protection, I might have fared badly among the lawless Arabs of Hallaff and Beniboozgoozoo.

As the tract through which we had now to pass was wholly devoid of water, Boostar and Ibrahim were sent down to the river to get some before starting, on the following morning, with orders to overtake us. As after half an hour's ride they had not come, I sent back a man in search of them. They were discovered seated quietly on the bank, exchanging shots with some Hooarah Arabs on the other side. I am afraid a long course of surfeits of k'skessoo must have

deranged Boostar's eye, for by his own confession he never so much as grazed a man. Perhaps he felt that he was losing his cunning, and resolved to get his hand in, for, as far as I could discover, there was no other possible reason for the attack.

The country now assumed a very curious appearance. The cone-like hills, into which the clay seems so prone to form, had the appearance of being sliced off at the top, as if by a gigantic knife. I believe the cause of this appearance was a thin strata which cropped out horizontally near the top of the hills, and which protected the lower part, while the soft clay above got denuded by the weather.

After a long ride through an uninteresting desert, it was a great relief to the eye to catch sight of the green valley of the Zaar. Very picturesquely situated on one of the bends of the river are the ruins of the

Kassbar Zaar,¹ which was apparently at one time a similar structure to the Kassbar M'zoon. This, curiously enough, had been put down in the official list of halting-places I received at Fez. Its kaid was even named. To judge from its appearance, I should say it could not have been inhabited by a kaid for the last twenty years. Near it is another ruin, which was formerly inhabited by a colony of Jews. It had been destroyed, however, in one of the disturbances which are so frequent in this part of the country, and its occupants nearly all put to death ; the remainder had all fled to the mountains.

I wanted to stop behind and sketch these ruins, as I knew our halting-place was near, and, on Kaid Mohammed demurring, said that the mules could go on with him, and that I would walk on when I had

¹ The Kassbar Mulay Ismael of the French War Department map.

finished. The kaid, however, informed me that it was for fear of anything happening to me, and not on account of the mules being tired, that he objected to my stopping. "You are worth a hundred mules," he said; "and if anything happens to you, I shall lose my head." Not wishing to jeopardise that important member of the kaid's body, I had reluctantly to go on, as I did not want to keep the whole party waiting. It was, however, satisfactory to know one's exact worth; it may be remembered that I had already been said to be worth ten khraleefas.

We halted for the night at the Dooar Krarmar, on the east or right bank of the river. I was here very glad to have the benefit of Shereef bel Hoosaien's company. He appeared to be almost worshipped by the villagers, and as his friend I was received with the greatest hospitality.

The shereef happened to possess a number of metamors or underground granaries at this place, and supplied us with barley for our beasts from his own stores. These metamors are very curious features in Moorish villages. They consist of excavations in the shape of inverted funnels about fifteen feet deep and with an opening about two feet in diameter on the level of the ground. Villages in cultivated districts often possess fifty or more of these stores. At the time of year when they are open, they make walking, and more especially riding, through a village after dark rather a dangerous operation.

As our halting-place was far from any seat of government, and possessed no kaid or other official, it is very probable that but for the shereef I should have had great difficulty in procuring food. As it was, we had to do without milk for the first time.

Our breakfast had always been a large bowl of bread and milk, and although it had been of various descriptions—goat's, sheep's, camel's, and cow's—we had always got it in some form or other. I was very much annoyed at being deprived of this luxury, especially as I had seen a herd of cows and calves feeding near the dooar. I accordingly spoke to Boomgrais on the subject, with some warmth. He, ever ready, at once replied, "Dat cowlies no good, all man cowlies." He had always got an answer at hand. On one occasion, A., complaining of the way in which the feathers came out of a pillow which she put on her saddle, he replied, "Me speak,¹ dat from de mulies." I had heard many strange tales in Marocco, but I never expected to be told of a feathered mule.

Leaving the Wed Zaar, we soon came to

¹ Understand.

the boundary line between Hallaff and Beniboozgoozoo, which is marked by a triple cairn known as Lejam. We saw many traces, such as ovens, &c., of the emhallah which had rested in this country two years ago. The leader of the rebellious tribes was a certain Bashyroomsōd, of the Beni-snassen tribe, who, like Gimbeeb, was a professional robber, and the terror of the neighbourhood. He was in the habit of levying black-mail on all the kafflats that passed, and had accumulated enormous sums of money. He had even had the audacity to steal cattle and horses from the very camp of the Sultan. As all attempts at taking him by force failed, the Sultan had recourse to stratagem. He sent a message to Bashyroomsōd, to the effect that the proper place for such a powerful man was in command of a province, and that, if he would bring into camp a certain sum of

money as security, he should be made a basha. The temptation was more than Bashyroomsōd could resist, and he one day appeared in camp with his bags of gold. He was told that the Sultan would receive him on the following morning. Before morning came, however, he was a prisoner in irons, and safe on the other side of the Mooloorea. Nor did his guards stop until they had him safely lodged in the Kassbar of Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel at Meknessa. From thence he was taken to Fez, where he is still a prisoner, if he is in the land of the living at all. Although the French government had been making constant complaints of the depredations which he committed on their subjects, now that he was removed, they sought to have him released. Possibly they looked upon him as an ever ready excuse for picking a quarrel with the Moorish government. His

sons also tried to obtain his release, but although they offered an enormous ransom, they were unsuccessful.

I heard at Fez that the Sultan intends having another turn at his old enemies, the Ghraiatsa, next spring, and then passing on through Hallaff and Beniboozgoozoo to Oudjda. However, if the present drought continues, it will be impossible, as there will be no crops for him to "eat up," and no food for his army. The present programme is that he is to go from Oudjda, through the Reef country, to Tangier, where he is anxious to see the new thirty-ton guns we have supplied. This will be quite an event at Tangier, as no Sultan within the memory of man has ever visited that city, which is said to be given up to the Christians.

To judge by the number of rivers which we crossed, this country ought to be a

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second garden of Eden when it rains; every half-mile we crossed a stream, or rather the bed of a stream, of considerable size; but it was not until we came to the Wed M'ksaab that we came upon any water.

CHAPTER XV.

Ioun Cidy Mellook—Signs of civilisation—Boomgrais' "little woman"—A fearful phenomena — Boostar's exorcisms—An experiment and a failure—A narrow escape—The battle of the Wed Isly—Two stories—Moorish warfare—"Oudjda el hamdoor billah"—Cidy Hadj Boobker —A slight unpleasantness — Loss of muleteers—Mistaken for a saint—Nemours—Antipathy of races—Ride to Tlemcen—Ain el kebeera—Oran—Algiers—England.

AN hour's ride along the banks of the river brought us to the Kassbar Ioun Cidy Mellook. This fortress is an almost exact counterpart of the Kassbar M'zoon, and, like it, was built by Mulay Semaiem. For many years it was allowed to fall into ruins, but was repaired by Mulay Hassan, the present Sultan.

These kassbar, although useful as a protection against the surrounding tribes, would not stand against the fire of the smallest European fieldpiece. The walls are of no great thickness, and the tapeea, of which they are built, is a most brittle material.

We here began to see some signs of an approach to civilisation. An Algerian Jew, who was passing the night here, had some cigarettes for sale; and another pressed me to buy some Beniboozgoozoo carpets, in a most civilised manner. We had suffered horribly from cold at nights, and had the price been less outrageous, I would gladly have bought one of the carpets. As it was, I thought myself quite justified in keeping the lot for nothing. I accordingly told the Jew that I could not see the colours properly by candle light, and would keep the carpets till the morning, when I would let him know whether I wanted any. Having obtained

the carpets, I made a nice soft bed with some, and covered myself with the others. My last night in a tent was thus made a very pleasant one.

Boomgrais also found a tailor here, and invested in a pair of slarhem, one for his "boy," and the other for his "little woman." I naturally concluded that this was his affectionate way of speaking of the mother of his boy, till, seeing the soolham, I found that that was hardly possible, as the lady for whom it was made could barely have been three feet high.

Although the country near the frontier has been much safer since Bashyroomsōd's capture, it appears to be still disturbed. I saw two askar lying wounded in the kass-bar, and a third had been killed, a few days previously, in a skirmish with the natives.

On the following morning, we made a very early start. It was bitterly cold, and

pools which happened to be left in the river-beds were covered with a good quarter of an inch of ice. Boomgrais was much disturbed at observing the dewdrop, so familiar to Englishmen, on the end of his nose. He wanted to know whether it was a serious symptom. On my assuring him that he might make his mind easy on that point, and that a little warmth would set it to rights, he inquired the cause—"What putting dat like so?" As I thought that a lecture on the theory of secretion would probably be a pure waste of breath, I explained that his nose was like the rivers which dried up when the sun was hot, but flowed in cold weather.

I had another patient in the shape of Boostar, who, riding up to me, with a very serious face, placed his two forefingers on his temples, and then proceeded to describe a series of circles with his hand, as if he were

exorcising an evil spirit. I was so accustomed to be taken care of by my men that I thought that he was objecting to some indiscretion on my part, and, simply saying, "Larbass" (No harm), rode on. He soon overtook me, and repeated the performance. I asked him what was the matter. Having the belief firmly fixed in him that no Christian can ever speak or understand Arabic, he simply continued the exorcisms. It was not until I had repeated the question two or three times, turning my head away, so that I might not see his signs, that he could be induced to speak. Then, in a very low whisper, he confided to me that he had a bad headache, and would like some medicine. I promised to give him some, when we halted. On inquiry, I discovered that he had got hold of a bottle of maya,¹ which Kaid

¹ A spirit distilled by the Jews of Fez from dates. It is flavoured with aniseed, and is very strong.

Maclean had given me at Fez, and had got very drunk off it, at the kassbar. As I had long been wishing to try the experiment which Dr. Leared describes, of giving a Seidlitz powder in two separate doses, I thought this an excellent opportunity. Accordingly, when we halted for lunch, I poured the powder into separate glasses, and gave them to him to drink. Much to my disgust, nothing unusual occurred ; he pulled rather a wry face as he swallowed the carbonate of soda, and his singularly hideous features were even more distorted as he tasted the tartaric acid, but no explosion took place, and he did not even say "Oollah."

Our party was joined by several men who were also going to Oudjda, among others by one of the Jews I have spoken of. He had borrowed a French breech-loading rifle, for his protection, as he said, through these dangerous districts. It very nearly proved his

destruction. We were riding quietly along when I was startled by a bang close behind me, and, looking round, saw the Jew's rifle on the ground, and the turban which he had wound round his neck as a comforter, in flames. He had been holding his rifle, as far as I could learn, at the "advance," and playing with the trigger. The Moors were all delighted, but the Jew altogether failed to see "where the laugh came in." The moral which my men drew was that Jews ought not to be allowed to carry fire-arms, but they are nearly as bad themselves. I remember that on my last journey I twice had a bullet whizzing past my ear, owing to my soldier Mohammed's incurable trick of playing with the trigger and breech action of my gun.

A seven hours' ride brought us to the Wed Isly, near which the Moors, under Mohammed ben Abd er Rhaman, experienced such a signal defeat at the hands of

the French in 1844. The Moorish army was encamped on the east bank of the river, and the French behind a hill a few miles to the north. The French advanced in the form of a square, inside which their cavalry and artillery were concealed. As soon as they came within easy range, the square was opened, and the cavalry, rushing out, took the Moors completely by surprise and entirely routed them. So unexpected was the attack that Mohammed ben Abd er Rhaman barely escaped with his life, by fighting his way out of his tent, and throwing himself on his charger, which carried him away.

In his tent was found a letter, which he had just written to the Sultan, his father, asking whether he should put the whole of the infidel army to death, or bring back a few as prisoners. This letter is still in the possession of the French government. This is the French story of their own victory.

The Moors account for their defeat by saying that the chief of the powerful Hooarah tribe had been bribed by the French, the agreement being that they were to take flight on the approach of the French army. As the Hooarah were greatly looked up to by their comrades, their flight at once caused a panic, and the whole Moorish forces followed their example. Knowing what I do of Moorish tactics, I am inclined to think that the French story is the more credible of the two.

I was given an instance of the utter want of precaution which the Moors show, by Kaid Maclean. The regiment with which he then was, was halted, the arms piled, and the men broken off. It was in the enemy's country. Suddenly a cloud of cavalry was seen bearing down upon them. Kaid Maclean at once sounded the alarm, and gave the order to form square and

prepare to receive cavalry. "You must not do that," whispered one of his kaims. "Why not?" said Kaid Maclean. "Why, they will think we are afraid of them," was the reply.

Another hour's ride brought us on to some high ground, under which lay Oudjda. To my men this was the end of the journey, and many pious thanksgivings were offered up for our safe arrival and deliverance from the perils of Hianna, Ghraiatsa, Gimbeeb, and such like.

"Oudjda! el hamdoor billah," said Kaid Mohammed triumphantly as the town appeared in sight. "El hamdoor billah," was the pious chorus of the party.

"Me puttem de shemar^{*} in mosky saint-man Mooros in Fas," said Boomgrais; "dat for why we commen dis way all right. Now me puttem de shemar in mosky saint-man dis place."

* Candle.

Another quarter of an hour brought us to the town, or rather to the gardens with which it is surrounded, for it lies in the middle of an orange grove. The town itself is quite a small one, but remarkably clean and neat for a Moorish city. It lies in the valley of the little Wed Shaia, or Barley river, at a distance of about twelve miles from the nearest point of the Algerian frontier.

A house was given me within the kassbar or citadel, an open space inclosed by high walls of tapeea, lying at the south-west corner of the town. This house had lately been occupied by a French officer, who, like M. Erckmann, had been forced on the Moorish government. It showed many signs of its former owner, such as glass windows and fireplaces, luxuries I had not seen since I left Tangier.

From my garden I was able to climb on

to the city walls, from which a very good view of the town was to be obtained, but unfortunately the sun was just setting, and before I could get at my sketching materials, it was dark.

Soon after my arrival I was called upon by the kaid, Cidy Hadj Boobker. He told me that Cidy Hadj Abd Salam, the Grand Shereef, had only that morning left on his way to Razowitz, or Nemours, as the French call it. He had been staying with him for ten days, hunting in the neighbourhood. He said, that had the shereef known that an Englishman was coming, he would certainly have stayed for some more shooting. Cidy Boobker was very anxious that I should stay on and have some shooting; but as I thought that my presence was required in England at once, I could not accept his invitation, and settled to start for Nemours the following morning.

Our last day in Marocco was enlivened

by a little pugilistic encounter between Kaid Mohammed and Marakshy. I believe the cause was some dispute about the division of my mona. The first result was a box on Marakshy's ear from the kaid, the second a blow on the kaid's nose from Marakshy. The kaid got considerably the worst of it. As Boomgrais said, "Kaid Mohammed no good puttem so" (striking out his fist), "too plenty stoppem Fas, too plenty mangey k'skessoo." As a soldier, this little encounter was particularly interesting to me. Amidst the artificial civilisation of Europe, it is not every day that one sees a private soldier and a captain of a company coming to blows over the division of a "mess."

My muleteers, who had been very lazy throughout, had lagged behind all through this last day's journey. We all expected that they would turn up in the evening, but as, when we started for Nemours at 5.30 the

following morning, they were still missing, it seems more than probable they were robbed and murdered on the road, especially as they knew that I was going to hurry on over the frontier as quickly as possible, and that they might lose their pay by not arriving in time. I heard that all this part of the country was extremely dangerous for single travellers.

I parted with Kaid Mohammed and the escort at Oudjda, taking on my own three men. We were accompanied by Cidy Hadj Boobker. Eight hours' sharp riding brought us to Nemours. On the way I had the honour of being taken for the Grand Shereeef. It so happened that I was wearing Moorish clothes, while A. had on her European dress. As may be remembered, the Grand Shereeef is married to an English lady; hence the mistake. Having been regarded all my life as a very commonplace sort of sinner, I found

it rather embarrassing to find myself suddenly looked up to as the embodiment of holiness, and searched in vain through my memories of *The Amateur's Guide*, *The Art of Acting*, &c., for some idea of how God's vice-regent ought to look while he was being worshipped. Oddly enough, a few hours later, at Nemoûrs, a Frenchwoman with whom A. was talking pointed me out to her as the marabout.*

We put up at a little fondook² just outside the town. I had hoped to be able to stay there, but I soon found that, having returned to Christendom, I must conform to its ways. I had not been in the town half an hour before a message came from the Captain of the Bureau Arabe, asking me to come and see him. It appeared that the French officers

* A saint.

² An inn; usually a few sheds round a yard. No food or furniture is provided.

had been warned of my approach by Mr. Boozo, the British vice-consul at Oran, to whom Sir John Hay had written about me. I was received with the greatest possible kindness by all the French officers, though Boomgrais seemed to think very little of them for not giving me a house. Of course they would not hear of my putting up in a den of the despised Arabs; so, not without some pangs of regret, I put aside my Moorish ways with my Moorish clothes, and took a room at the French hotel. Poor Boomgrais was very much hurt.

"You speakem Franceman; me no good? All dis way me puttem chicken very good for Signora. Franceman comen, me no puttem nutten. What for you go Franceman house? Dis place one beets¹ too good, no too plenty berhoots;² dat place Franceman puttem you plenty dollar."

¹ Room.

² Fleas

The mutual contempt of these two races for each other is very amusing.

"You can't sleep with those dirty Arabs," said the French officer.

"Stingy people, who never send so much as a sheep, to a fellow Christian too," said my Moors of the French.

"Oh, they will eat anything," said my landlord, as I was ordering dinner, and warned him to avoid pork, as Cidy Boobker was going to dine with me.

"I'll give you a letter to a friend at Tlemcen," said Cidy Boobker. "It will save you from having to associate with these Frenchmen."

I stayed one night at Nemours, and started on the following afternoon for Tlemcen. I sent my men round by sea to Tangier, and my beasts with Cidy Boobker back to Oudjda from whence they would go to Fez with my escort. The chief of the Bureau Arabe kindly

procured me some animals for the journey to Tlemcen, and gave me a Spahi as a guide. Oddly enough, no European saddles were to be procured in the town, and only one riding saddle of any kind, viz. an Arab horse-saddle. A. had to mount on this, of course astride, while I was seated sideways on a pack-saddle ; we must have cut a very funny figure in our European clothes.

We passed the night with the kaid of Ain el Kebeera, a little village about halfway to Tlemcen. After the third-class civilisation of Nemours, I was very glad to return even to such diluted barbarism as is to be found in the kassbar of an Algerian kaid. As we had made a late start, I had sent my soldier on to give warning of our approach. I was rewarded for my forethought by finding a capital dinner ready ; it was served quite in the Arab fashion, on a low mada, and without any knives, forks, or spoons. The kaid was

highly delighted at my skill in handling the k'skessoo, and also at my very feeble Arabic. The French, as might be expected, rarely take the trouble to learn the language of the subject race, and, even when they do, find great difficulty in mastering the pronunciation.

The kaid's room contained a curious mixture of Arab and European ornaments and furniture. It was built, as they nearly all are, with a raised platform at the end; the back of the platform was occupied by a large bed, but a space of about four feet was left between it and the edge; this space was covered with a mattress, and formed a second bed at a lower level. Both beds and the floor were covered with one long-pile carpet. The room contained many pieces of European furniture, such as cabinets, looking-glasses, &c.; the walls were hung with arms, kaftans, and Fez pottery.¹

¹ The painted earthenware made at Fez is always perforated with two holes to hang it up by, which shows that

There was no ceiling, the rough bare rafters and thatch being fully exposed. The kaid kindly lent A. a seregia, or mule-saddle, which was more comfortable for her than the *serge*^{*} which was handed over to me.

An eight hours' ride over a rather uninteresting country brought us to Tlemcen, the ancient capital of Algeria; from thence we took the diligence to Oran. The third place in the *coupé* was occupied by a French officer, who appeared to take the liveliest interest in my journey, and was very anxious to introduce me to the general at Oran. It was suggested to me afterwards that he had been sent on purpose to pump me. If such were the case, I fear he had a very tedious journey for nothing, and must have cursed freely in his heart at having to spend sixteen hours

our own rather silly custom has not even the merit of originality.

* Horse-saddle.

in a narrow *coupé* with a person whom I have every reason to believe he considered a hopeless idiot. From Oran we took the rail to Algiers. Here A., who had been perfectly well throughout the tent life, got a relapse of the fever. On January 17, 1880, we again breathed our native fog.



APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

IF Gibraltar is the key of the Mediterranean; Tangier is the key-guard. With Spain in possession of Ceuta, and hostile, as she always must be, in any war in which Gibraltar is threatened, and with Tangier in the hands of the enemy, the holding of Gibraltar would be no easy task. All the supplies of the garrison would have to run the gauntlet of the enemy's ships, backed up as they would be by the guns of Tangier and Ceuta. On the other hand, with Tangier in our possession, or what amounts to the same thing, in the hands of its present owners, Gibraltar remains impregnable. The unlimited supplies which she draws from Morocco could still come from that country without interruption, while our fleet, protected on the one side by the guns of

Tangier, and on the other by those of Gibraltar, could hold the mouth of the Mediterranean against all comers.

I am quite prepared to be accused of boring my intelligent critic with a pack of truisms. I am not writing, however, for the intelligent critic, but for that numerous section of the public who have a fixed idea that Gibraltar is impregnable, and who, if they have turned their minds towards Marocco at all, have simply regarded it as an out-of-the-way place—the home of a despotic emperor, and a trade in red leather; never as the source of Gibraltar's food supply, a possible bountiful corn-grower for Europe, a ready market for English goods, and the Naboth's vineyard of France and Spain.

With regard to the first item, there is little to be said. The meat consumed by the troops at Gibraltar *does* come from Marocco, and a government official is permanently employed in that country to buy it. Anything beyond these simple facts would be as superfluous as a long and learned disquisition to prove that fish were usually caught in the water.

The second statement is more open to argument. "Marocco is all desert," say one set of people. "A mass of rugged mountains," exclaim others. "It is subject to fearful famines," say a third set, who

have more acquaintance with the country. As a matter of fact, Marocco, so far from being a desert, is one of the most fertile countries in the world; as Dr. Leared has it, "a fertile waste only waiting for the hand of man to make it productive." The soil throughout nearly the whole length and breadth of the empire is a rich alluvial deposit, watered by many fine rivers, whose sources are among the perpetual snows of the Atlas, and by countless smaller streams. It is intersected by broad plains of great extent, which the simplest system of irrigation in connection with the snow-fed rivers would render independent of droughts. Thousands of acres of these plains are now covered with a useless reed, the abundance of which would alone show the fertility of the soil, were it not amply proved by the magnificent crops yielded, where a clearing has been made, and the ground scratched to the depth of about two inches, before sowing, by the wretched wooden ploughs of the country.

Some idea of the extent to which land is wasted may be arrived at if it is borne in mind that not one-hundredth part of the available land is cultivated at all; and that the cultivated part possessed by each tribe is divided into three portions, each of which is in succession yearly sown, and the other two

left waste. Thus, without taking a single acre more into cultivation, the present produce might be trebled by introducing a rotation of crops on the same land, not to mention the increased productiveness which proper cultivation and irrigation would bring about.

With regard to the mountainous character of the country, our maps are much to blame for the generally erroneous impression on that head. Any one studying them would naturally suppose that the country is a mass of rugged peaks and awful gorges, the fact being that it is a succession of rounded alluvial hills and valleys. Even the main chain of the Atlas is not abrupt, and its valleys are the most fertile in the empire.

Besides its abundant water supply, Morocco has a great advantage over Algeria, its neighbour, in the comparative scarceness of the palmetto. The roots of this plant enter the ground to a great depth, and require a considerable labour to displace.

As to the famines, as I have already pointed out, a system of irrigation would almost render their recurrence impossible. As it is, I am inclined to think that they are far less severe than is generally supposed. That great distress has been brought about by them is beyond dispute, but it has been caused more by the habits of the people than by the actual lack of crops.

So little corn is grown, and so little laid by for a bad year, that the slightest falling off in the crops must cause distress. Want one year often means worse for the next. I believe it is not uncommon for the natives to sell their green corn, as forage for horses, in order to gain ready money in times of distress, and this when grass might have been had in abundance, if its use were only known. Speaking of this, Dr. Leared says:—"Our encampment was in the midst of an immense tract, covered with a fair crop of hay going utterly to waste. It is curious to see how differently the same article is valued under different circumstances. I have often seen the Icelanders collecting their scanty hay-crop—even the sod-covered roofs of the houses being carefully mowed—the only product of their sterile soil and frigid climate. The Moors, on the other hand, never make hay. Climate and soil together confer on them so many other gifts as to render it, at least in their estimation, unnecessary."

That abundance of corn can be grown, I hope I have shown satisfactorily. The next questions which arise are how to induce the people to grow it, and how to transport it to its market. I believe an answer to the second question will also answer the first, for if once a market were found, and the means

of transport improved, or the distance that the corn has to be carried shortened, I have no hesitation in saying that the supply would be forthcoming. As to the means of transport being made easier, I fear there is but little to hope for at present. Until England openly announces her intention of defending her against all comers, Morocco must trust to her isolation as her only safeguard. This her rulers know too well to admit of the country being opened up by roads and railways.

Although the time may not yet have arrived for facilitating the means of transport, the alternative viz. shortening the distance from the corn-growing districts to the sea-ports presents no serious difficulties. A moderate expenditure at Rabat and El Araich in dredging operations, a few buoys and beacons at Mogador, would give three safe and fine harbours on the west coast, situated in most favourable positions for conveying the produce of El Ghrarb and the great plain of the Tensift to a market; not to mention the two roadsteads of Mazagan and Casa Bianca, the present outlet for the trade of the north-west provinces.

I believe that one of the greatest impediments to trade has hitherto been the long and dangerous journey which it is necessary to make to these

ports,² a journey the necessity of which would be entirely obviated by opening up the mouths of the Koos and Boo Reg Reg rivers. That the Moorish government would object to such a plan does not appear likely. Any encroachments in the interior they would strenuously resist, but the sea-port towns are already considered as practically belonging to the Christians, and in them the Nazarene is free to work his will unmolested.

Either from some peculiarity of the soil or from force of custom, barley is the cereal most generally grown in Marocco. It so happens that it is the one most urgently required in England at the present time. The late wet summers have rendered the English crop wholly unfit for brewing purposes, while the long sea voyage from America or the colonies produces a similar result. Our brewers have consequently been forced to get their barley at great expense from the south of France. As the dry climate of Marocco ensures a certain crop of light-coloured barley, which, I believe, would be eminently suitable for brewing purposes, and as she is nearer to England by sea than any other country which has equally suitable crops, it appears that Marocco is peculiarly adapted for supplying the brewers' wants.

² See p. 67.

The country which established a corn trade with Marocco would naturally expect in return to find a market for her own goods. That such a market would be found cannot be doubted for a moment. Possessing no manufactures of importance of her own, and inhabited (at all events as far as the upper classes are concerned) by a luxurious and self-indulgent people, the demand for European manufactures is far in excess of the supply.

The monopoly of supplying this want, as far as it is supplied at all, is at present in the hands of the French. Taking advantage of the wool trade which is carried on between Casa Bianca and Marseilles, and of the opportunities which their Algerian frontier gives them, the French merchants have introduced their goods into Marocco to a considerable extent. English manufactures are hardly to be met with. Occasionally some wealthy basha or wizeer may, with great trouble and expense, have become possessed of a piece of English cloth for his soolham, or an English penknife, but when such is the case, it is looked upon as a curiosity, and as a sign of the resources of its owner. On the other hand, bad French tea, sugar, candles, matches, and cloth are to be met with everywhere, but always at an exorbitant price. At present our only trade of

any consequence is in printed cottons, a limited quantity of which are shipped to Mogador for transmission to the Soudan.

That English goods would be readily accepted is proved by the value which is at present set upon them. The amount of tea and sugar required by Morocco is enormous. The Moors probably consume more of these commodities in proportion to their numbers than any other nation in the world. The demand for cloth is also very great. The flowing robes of a Moorish gentleman probably take three times as much of this article as is required by an Englishman of the same class, not to mention the folds of linen and muslin with which he also covers himself. The demand for woollen stuffs among the lower classes is proportionately in excess of the supply.

At a time when England is starving for want of corn, and English trade is stagnating for want of a market, it is strange that no attempt should have been made in this direction to supply both deficiencies, not to mention the political advantages which would accrue from a closer tie between the two countries.

I have said that Morocco is the Naboth's vineyard of France and Spain. If any one doubts this, let

him peruse the Spanish papers for a month or spend the same period in an Algerian garrison.

The feud between Marocco and Spain has been a long-standing one. Ever since the day when the Moors were driven out of Spain, the Spaniards have been on the look-out to follow up their victory, by establishing themselves in the country of their former masters. How far they might have succeeded in this, after the war of 1860, it is impossible to say, had their plans not been thwarted by foreign diplomacy.¹ Their present demand is a very modest one, viz. the establishment of a fishing-station at Agadir; but what Spain can want with Agadir, except as a base of operations into southern Marocco, it is impossible to conceive.

That France should want Marocco, or a large part of it, is natural enough. Her Algerian

¹ Speaking of this, Rohlfs says:—“Who brought about this very unfavourable peace for Spain? Who hindered the Spaniards from marching from Tetuan to Tangiers? Who hindered the bombardment of Tangiers, Mogador, and other Moroccan seaports? England alone! Sidi el Hadj Abd es Ssalam, Grand Sherief of Uesan, told me a year later that even English soldiers, dressed as Moroccians, stood at the batteries of Tangiers to serve the cannon, in case the Spaniards should venture on an attack. Of course, I cannot vouch for the truth of this, but it shows what an important part England played, behind the scenes, for Morocco, at that time.”

possessions are poor, and cost a considerable amount to maintain. Marocco is rich, not only in minerals, but, as I have pointed out, potentially, in grain. The western frontier of Algeria is unsatisfactory, and difficult to guard. Constant annoyance is caused by the ease with which malcontents can retire into Marocco, and the predatory excursions made into Algeria by border tribes of Moors.

That France wishes to hold one of the gates of the Mediterranean is proved by her conduct towards Tunis and her wrangles with Italy over that state. Granted that she wishes to hold one, it is hardly conceivable that she should not wish for the best one, viz. the Straits of Gibraltar. "We must make the Mooloorea our boundary," is the constant cry of the Algerian French. If the Mooloorea is the goal, why are the French so anxious to make a railway to Fez? Of which a French officer remarked to me, "They won't let us make it, for they know that after the railway comes the army." Why are they now attempting to run a line of rail into the desert by way of the Moorish dominions on the northern boundary of the Sahara? Why did the French War Department construct a map of the whole of Marocco, a work of years and incalculable labour, made as it was from hundreds of skeletons,

drawn up from information received from the natives?'

It may be urged that the first step, at all events, will be the Mooloorea, and that this is so short a one as not to be worth quarrelling about. On the sea-coast, I admit, it is a short step, but at the point where the road to Fez crosses the river, it is already four days' march from the Algerian frontier, and within six of the Moorish capital. The most difficult part of the journey, too, has been got over. The road from the Mooloorea to Fez lies along well-watered, well-provisioned valleys, down which a railway might be run almost without making a cutting or an embankment.

I hope that I have shown that Marocco is necessary to the safety of Gibraltar, that she is necessary to the

* Rohlfs says:—"Since the first day of the conquest of Algeria, France has been continually on the *qui vive* with Morocco. The battle of Isly, in which Sultan Sidi Mohammed was defeated, and the bombardment of Mogador and Tangiers have not been conducive to friendly feeling between the two countries. In 1844, when a new treaty of peace was arranged, Sultan Abd-er-Rhaman could not bring himself to receive the French Embassy at Fez, but went himself for that purpose to Rbat.

* * * * * * * * *
In Marocco, England is loved, Spain is hated, but France is feared. That is the personal statement of the first minister of Marocco."

trade of England, and that she is necessary to carry out the schemes of France. The question now arises who is to rule her? As long as England has India and therefore Gibraltar to hold, as long as she has manufactures to dispose of and a population to feed, it appears to me that the question can only receive one answer from an Englishman.

APPENDIX B.

ITINERARY FROM FEZ TO OUDJDA.

No.	Date.	Name of Place.	Time from last Place. H. M. o o o	Time from Fez. H. M. x 28 x 28	Remarks
1879.					
0 Dec. 27	Fez				
1 27	Tschar of Oolad el Hadj .	x 28	x 28		
2 28	{ Kassbar of Kaid Jellaly ben Mohammed . }	2 25	3 53		
3 28	Tschar of Sheikh Bararsoo	o 42	4 35		
4 28	Ford of Wed Yenouin .	o 50	5 25		
5 28	Do. do. .	o 30	5 55		
6 28	Ain el Geddar . . .	2 20	8 15		
7 29	{ Kassbar of Kaid Moham- med bel Kadour and village . . . }	x 8 11	x 23		

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No.	Date.	Name of Place.	Time from last Place H. M.	Time from Fez. H. M.	Remarks.
8	29 Dec.	Ain Azrûd	o 15 11 38		A small village of mud huts; the well from which it takes its name gives a constant supply of good water.
9	29	Ford of Wed Cidy Marhoff	x 28 13 6		About 30 ft. wide, gravel bottom, steep banks, liable to sudden floods. The banks of the river are lined with low shrubs.
10	30	{ Kassbar of Kaid Haddy ("Dsool) and village . . . }	x 23 14 29		A scattered village of stone huts, roofed with the same material. Situated on the west side of the steep ravine of the Wed Lekhal. The kassbar consists of a group of low stone huts surrounding a yard. Water plentiful except in very dry weather.
11	30	Kassbar of Kaid Mourchtar	3 27 17 56		The valley to the west of the kassbar is thickly populated (about 1,000 inhabitants), and well cultivated, about 1,000 acres being under cultivation. The kassbar is reached by a narrow track along the sides of a steep ravine, impassable in wet weather.
12	30	Ford of Wed el Haddar . . .	o 55 18 51		A group of stone huts, surrounded by a few detached ones. Situated about 200 ft. above valley on south side. A Tuesday market is said to be held about 3 miles to the north.
13	30	Do. do. . .	o 4 18 55		Gravel bottoms, low, gradually shelving banks; stream 3 miles an hour; liable to floods.
14	30	Do. do. . .	o 40 19 35		
15	30	Do. do. . .	o 24 19 59		
16	30	Do. do. . .	o 24 20 23		
17	31	Meknessa (Wed el Haddar)	o 4 20 27		A large village of low stone huts, built irregularly round the kassbar of Kaid Mohammed bel Fildeel, a two-storyed building, surrounded by yards and low huts. The valley and surrounding hills are cultivated. Water good and unlimited. The whole population of this district is armed.

APPENDIX B.

No.	Date	Name of Place.	Time from last Place. H. M.	Time from Fez. H. M.	Remarks.
	1879. Dec.				
18	31	Tomb of Cidy Aly Lebhal	1 32 30		Building about 30 feet square; strong stone walls, roofed with a slaty stone.
19	31	Tomb of Cidy Zooauny .	0 50 22	20	Similar to last. Situated on high pass commanding valley of Wed Errbar.
20	31	Meknessa (Wed Errbar) .	1 32 23		A large village of strong stone huts, situated on the summit of a steep bank, 100 ft. high, formed by a bend of the Wed Errbar. In the valley immediately below the town a market is held on Wednesdays, to which the produce of the neighbourhood is brought, and at which about 2,000 persons collect. Water unlimited.
21	31	Kassbar del Amry . . .	0 25 23	38	Ruin of large stone building, 300 ft. above south of valley.
22	31	Ain Baida	1 04 24	38	The tomb is a square stone building with a domed roof. The village is composed of about 30 strong stone huts, some of them surrounded by yards. A quarter of a mile to the south are the ruins of a large kassbar, situated on a knoll about 100 ft. high.
	1880. Jan.	{ Tomb of Cidy Mojarrhed } and village . . .	0 7 24	45	40 yards wide, 12 in. of water, gravel bottom, shelving banks; stream $\frac{1}{2}$ mile an hour; liable to floods.
24	1	Ford of Wed M'zoon .	2 40 27	25	A square fort, with walls about 3 ft. thick and 20 ft. high, built of a mixture of mud and gravel. Each face is about 300 yards long. The angles and centre of each face is surmounted by a square tower. Within the inclosure is the governor's house. The walls are lined with sheds for the accommodation of soldiers. There is a plentiful supply of water from a well within the walls.
25	1	Kassbar M'zoon] . . .	0 10 27	35	

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No.	Date.	Name of Place.	Time from last Place.		Time from Fez.	Remarks.
			H. M.	H. M.		
1880. Jan.						
26	1	{E'jeeboob of Mulay} {Semaiem . . .}	1 0 28	35		Three subterranean tanks of strong stonework, 50 ft. by 6 ft. each. They are supplied by an aqueduct from the mountains.
27	2	Ford of Wed M'zoon . . .	4 15	32	50	20 yards wide, high steep banks, rocky bottom; stream 1 mile an hour.
28	2	Ford of Wed Moolooeea . . .	0 16	33	6	120 yards wide, steep banks, gravel bottom, 2 ft. (deep; stream 3 miles an hour).
29	3	{Tomb of Cidy Abdullah} bel Hoosaien and village . . .	0 16	33	22	Stone buildings similar to those described. Near it is a small village of tents, in which the saint's son resi- des.
30	3	{Tomb of Cidy Mohammed} ben Aly . . .	3 30	36	52	Stone tomb on high ground, a quarter of a mile to north of road.
31	3	Ruin of Kassbar Zaar . . .	0 35	37	27	Strong stone walls, situated on a knoll on right bank of (Wed Zaar).
32	3	Ford of Wed Zaar . . .	1 0	38	27	100 yards wide, rock bottom, shelving banks, 18 in. deep, stream 1½ mile an hour.
33	4	Dooar Krarmer . . .	0 5	38	32	Permanent village of tents. 100 tons of grain are stored near the village.
34	4	Ford of Wed el Ksaab . . .	5 30	44	2	20 yards wide, steep high banks, rocky bottom, 12 in. (deep; stream 1 mile an hour).
35	5	{Kassbar of town Cidy} {Mallook . . .}	1 30	45	32	Similar in size and con- struction to Kassbar M'zoon. Country well timbered.
36	5	Watering-place . . .	5 23	50	55	A large open tank, about 50 feet square. Dry in summer and autumn.
37	5	Ford of Wed Isly . . .	1 52	52	47	30 yards wide, steep banks, gravel bottom; stream 2½ miles an hour.
38	6	Oudjda . . .	1 10	53	57	

. Total distance from Fez to Oudjda, 223 miles. As the pace of a mule must necessarily vary with the nature of the ground, and as all distances in Morocco are measured by time, I have thought it better to give the time actually occupied in travelling instead of the mileage, which can be ascertained, if desired, by reference to the route map. The average rate of travelling was 4 09 miles an hour.

APPENDIX C.

GLOSSARY OF MOORISH TERMS USED IN THIS BOOK.

As the Moorish dialect varies considerably from pure Arabic and the well-known dialects of Egypt and Syria, the following may be of some use. The words, with few exceptions,¹ are spelt phonetically, the letters being pronounced as follows:—

<i>a</i>	as in cat.	<i>m</i>	as in man.
<i>b</i>	„ big.	<i>n</i>	„ nut.
<i>c</i>	„ civil.	<i>o</i>	„ not.
<i>d</i>	„ dear.	<i>ō</i>	„ note.
<i>e</i>	„ enter.	<i>r</i>	„ rust.
<i>f</i>	„ fast.	<i>s</i>	„ sit.
<i>g</i>	„ gun.	<i>t</i>	„ tin.
<i>h</i>	„ had and ah !	<i>u</i>	„ use.
<i>i</i>	„ in.	<i>w</i>	„ wisdom.
<i>j</i>	„ jeer.	<i>y</i>	„ yearly.
<i>k</i>	„ kill.	<i>z</i>	„ zenith.
<i>l</i>	„ late.		

aa as in baa (of a sheep).

ai as aye (yes).

¹ Cidy, harem, beni.

ee as in bee.

khr, a guttural sound something like the *ch* in the Scotch word
loch.

ou as in out.

oo „ fool.

Aid el kebeer, the great feast.

Ain, a well or spring.

Aissons, a fanatical sect named after their founder, Cidy
Aisa, a Moorish saint.

Arbar, four ; Wednesday ; a Wednesday market. The market-
places are named after the day of the week on which
the market is held :—*Had*, Sunday ; *Tsnein*, Monday ;
Tlartsa, Tuesday ; *Arbar*, Wednesday ; *Khramees*,
Thursday ; *Jooma*, Friday ; *Sebts*, Saturday.

Arkabar, pl. *arkabits*, a rough stony hill.

Arrah, word to encourage the beasts.

Arranoomek, lit. Go to your mother. Used like *Arrah*.

Askary, pl. *askar*, a regular soldier

Bab, a gate or door.

Basha, the chief of a town or province.

Bessirch, a long reed abounding on the plains of El Ghrarb.

Bisaff, too much ; plenty ; very.

Bokreej, a small saucepan for making coffee.

Burrd ou shroon, cold or hot.

Ceedna, our lord.

Cidy, my lord ; Mr. ; sir.

Dar el Baida, lit. the white house, a town on the coast.

Translated by the Spaniards, *Casa Bianca*.

Dooar, pl. *doouar*, a village of tents. Seen in all districts
where the population is of Arab origin.

Eeftsahallah, God will show.

Eenshallah, please God.

Ejdeed, fem. *ejeeda*, new.

Ejebob, a watering-place.

El burrd, it is cold.

El haddood, the boundary.

El hamdoor billah, thank God.

Ellah kit sahairich, God make you happy. The Moorish form of "Thank you."

El oosted, the peg.

Emdarma, a leather belt embroidered with coloured silks. It is worn over the *khrameegia*.

Emhallah, the Sultan's camp.

Emrhazny, pl. *emrhazneea*, a soldier (lit. of the government), in contradistinction to *askary*, a regular soldier.

Fas, a hoe.

Fez Barly, *Fez Ejdeed*, Old and New Fez. Rohlfs says that *barly* means worn-out.

Flus, money; a small copper coin.

Fondook, pl. *fenadook*, an inn. It consists of a yard for the accommodation of beasts and a few sheds for men.

Gimbry, a small two-stringed instrument much played by the lower classes.

Hadj, pl. *hajjis*, one who has made the pilgrimage to Mecca, either in person or by proxy.

Haik, pl. *howjak*, a long, white, woollen sheet, which is wound about the body somewhat after the manner of a Scotch plaid.

Halloon, wild boar.

Hamdooshy, a fanatical sect named after their founder, Cidy Aly ben Hamdoosh.

Hammar, pl. *hammdra*, a muleteer.

Hazzam, pl. *hazzoom*, a broad embroidered girdle worn by women.

Hoowarlah, pl. *hoowood*, a beehive-shaped hut of straw used in some districts.

Jebel Onk de Jemel, the Camel's Neck mountain.

Jellabeer, pl. *jellalleb*, a long hooded shirt of wool, much worn, especially by the lower classes.

Jin, pl. *jenoon*, a spirit.

Jooma, Friday. See *Arbar*.

Kaab el rhesaal, lit. gazelles' ankles ; small crescent-shaped cakes, so called from their resemblance to a gazelle's fetlock.

Kaffla, a caravan.

Kastan, a long shirt of coloured cloth.

Kaid, lit. a captain ; the commander of a town or district, a battalion (*kaid lara*), or a few men, as *kaid ashera*, captain of ten.

Kaiton, a travelling tent, a small goat's-hair lean-to, carried by merchants when on a journey.

Kantra, a bridge.

Kassbar, a castle or fort ; the residence of a kaid. It may be merely a group of mud huts.

Keber, fem. *kebeera*, great.

Keder, pl. *keardar*, a pack-horse, in contradistinction to *oud*, a riding horse.

Keef, lit. rest ; the stalk of the Indian hemp. It is smoked in small earthenware pipes, and is a mild narcotic.

Khraleefa, a deputy ; a person who holds an office while the proper official is away.

Khrameegia, a linen or muslin shirt worn over the coloured *kafstan*.

Kiftsah, finely minced meat moulded round a wooden skewer and roasted over a charcoal fire.

Kooba, lit. a dome ; the dome-shaped tomb of a saint ; little buildings of stone or whitewashed brick. They form a very prominent feature in all Moorish landscapes.

Many of the places marked on the maps as towns are merely *kooba*.

K'skessoo, the standard dish of the country, composed of a hand-made meal stewed with meat and highly seasoned.

Lai harkabook, God burn your father. A favourite curse.

Larbass, no harm. A very favourite expression.

Mah andek arkel, you have no sense.

Mada, pl. *meadd*, a low wooden table or stool on which the *seneea* rests. The European table is usually called *tabla*.

Mah, water.

Mahammaz, pl. *mahammez*, a spur. The spur consists of a single point of steel from four to five inches in length.

Mah habbabek, you are welcome.

Mallem, pl. *malmeen*, an artisan.

Mashy mizian, lit. not beautiful ; ugly ; bad.

Melassib, an official whose duty it is to regulate the price of provisions.

Mizian für en haar de barōd, lit. good for a day with the powder ; i.e. a day's fighting.

M'ktsoob oollah, it is written by God.

M'küb, pl. *m'küby*, a conical cover of straw used to place over any bowl or dish containing food. It is said to keep off the *jenoon* or genii ; at all events, it keeps off the flies.

Mona, a gift of food to travellers.

Müd, a measure of corn.

Narna, mint. This herb is used to flavour the tea.

Numero waked, lit. number one ; A 1.

N'salla, a government halting-place, where a guard is provided for the protection of travellers.

Ould, pl. *oolad*, sons.

Oollah, by God.

Rad, pl. *erdoood*, the lesser bustard.

Raddoa, to-morrow.

Rajjel, a man.

Rheeta, a wooden pipe, somewhat resembling a flageolet in appearance.

Rhafeef, light; lead; a bullet.

Rhaima, pl. *rheem*, an Arab dwelling-tent.

Saboorkoollah, God bless it.

Salamoo alikoom, peace be with you. The customary salutation among Mohammedans.

Serak, a robber.

Shashea, the tall red cap worn by the emrhaznea.

Shain, barley.

Shoof, see !

Shweea, the kebobs of the East.

Sibsy, a small earthenware pipe in which *keef* is smoked.

Smin, rancid butter. The longer this has been kept the more it is valued.

Sök, a market; bazaar.

Soolham, a long hooded cloak of blue or white cloth.

Stahr, the terraced roof of a Moorish house.

Tabeeb, a doctor.

Tapeea, a composition of mud and gravel much used for building purposes. It is poured into bottomless cases on the wall itself and left to set.

Tebel, a drum.

Tschar, pl. *tschoora*, a village of houses, seen in all districts where the population is of Berber origin.

Tselj, snow.

Ukar, an owl.

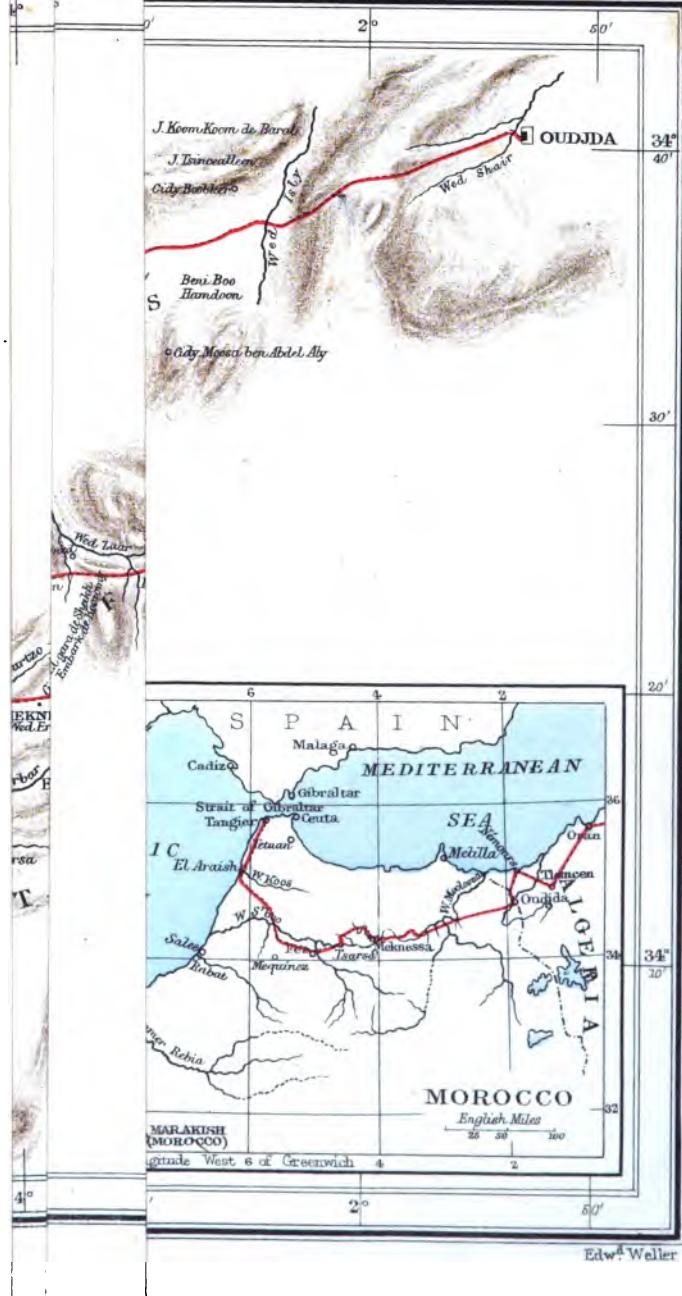
Wed, a river.

the aid of a very handy little boat's compass suspended on a string, made by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, I was able to take some fairly steady bearings even while riding over the roughest ground.

Assuming that my map is accurate, one cannot fail to be struck, on comparing it with the French War Department map, with the wonderful accuracy of the latter, the more so that the accessible country to the north of Fez is in some places very inaccurately mapped in the French work; the mountains, for instance, between Mekenes and Cidy Kassen (itself misplaced) being singularly incorrect, while a large town is placed on the banks of the S'boo, near Habbassy, at a spot where only a few Arab tents exist in reality.

The map of the country between Fez and the French frontier, on the contrary, is wonderfully true to nature. Knowing as I do the difficulty of getting any reliable information out of Moors, I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration at the wonderful perseverance and discrimination of Captain Beaudouin, who built up this work from the verbal statement of natives.

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